

Catholic Digest

25¢

THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Vol. 8

JULY, 1944

No. 9

Desert Padre	1
No Parking, Please	9
The Training of a Jesuit	11
Vanishing Homes	12
Father Ferrary Throws a Party	15
The Farmer's Wife	19
Europe's Children Are Hungry	23
Circus Chaplain	28
Snake Steak With Relish	31
Mother Carey's Chickens	35
Mexico Speaks	37
The Difference Between Black and White	44
The Challenge of Bernadette	48
Arrest and Exile	52
Shepherds of the Black Sheep	57
Flights of Fancy	62
Francis Thompson: Poet of Two Worlds	63
500 Million Slaves	67
Century of Progress	70
Science Looks at Child Spacing	71
Father Tim's Charities	74
Uncle Sam's Red Warriors	80
"Poor Boy, He Doesn't Drink"	83
These Gentle Communists	85
Russian Diary	90
Chicago's South Side	94

CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

The saints of the Lord, who strive to fight a good fight, and to run the course of salvation, if, at times, they chance, being men, to fall, more on account of the weakness of nature than because they love sin, yet they rise and run on more swiftly than before, the shame of their fall urging them to return to the fight with greater vigor.

St. Ambrose in Matins for the Sixth Sunday after Pentecost.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

CATHOLIC DIGEST BLDG.
41 E. 8th Street

ST. PAUL, 2,
MINNESOTA



Entered as second-class matter, November 11th, 1936, at the post office at St. Paul, Minnesota, under Act of March 3rd, 1879.

Copyright 1944 by The Catholic Digest, Inc.



Published also in a Braille edition at a cost of \$10 per annual subscription, donated by friends of the blind.



Published also in Spanish from Buenos Aires, Argentina. Subscriptions at \$3 a year for U.S. readers accepted at the St. Paul office.

The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



Published Monthly. Subscription price, \$3.00 the year—2 years for \$5.00. Your own and a gift subscription \$5.00. No charge for foreign postage. Printed in the U. S. A.

Editor: Paul Busard
Managing Editor: Louis A. Gates

Assistant Editors: Francis B. Thornton (in the service), Kenneth Ryan, Edward R. Harrigan, Jerome T. Gaspard, Harold J. O'Loughlin.

Business Manager: Edward F. Jennings



Catholic Digest

Vol. 8

JULY, 1944

No. 9

Desert Padre

He blessed worms

By IRVING STONE

Condensed from the *Saturday Evening Post**

In the late fall of 1934, an automobile drew up before a church in the desert town of Lone Pine, Calif. Two of its occupants lifted a third from the car and helped him, half stumbling, into the church, where he lay down in one of the pews. A man, riding along the main street of Lone Pine, thought he recognized the victim. He parked his car and entered the simple wooden church.

"Hello, Father Crowley. What are you doing here?"

The stricken man looked up. "They told me I was going to die, so I asked permission to die in Owens Valley. I hear they say you're going to die, too?"

"I don't pay any attention to it any more."

Father John J. Crowley lifted himself to one elbow, then smiled slowly: "I have an idea, Ralph," he said softly. "Let us both find some good fight. We'll forget the past and get well."

The condemned men shook hands. Three days later, the friend saw Father Crowley walking a few steps unaided; there was a touch of color in his cheeks.

"You must have found a good one!"

"The best," replied Father Crowley with a quiet chuckle. "We are going to rehabilitate Owens Valley. With God's help, we're going to persuade Los Angeles to let us buy back our property and use our water on it and own our valley again."

He was far from underestimating the enormity of the task; this 10,000 square miles of desert that lay east of the Sierra Nevada mountains had been his first parish. He knew Owens Valley to be more fatally ill than he; that this once-abundant land, famous as the producer of California's prize-winning apples, grain and corn, would require a miracle to keep it from reverting to desert.

By the end of a month he had gained sufficient strength to be driven slowly

*Condensed and reprinted by special permission of The Saturday Evening Post, copyright 1944, by the Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, 5, Pa. May 20, 1944.

through the parish he had come to as a young man in 1919. Barren wastes lay where before alfalfa fields waved to the very base of the Sierras. Farmer's homes were abandoned, doors groaning in the dry wind. The fire-glutted schoolhouse had never been rebuilt. The roads to outlying farms had reverted to nature. The railroad tracks that had once carried the produce to Los Angeles were rusty threads in a wilderness. The Owens river, once deep with snow waters of the Sierras, was but a trickle in a dry stream bed, the cottonwoods dead along its bank.

None less deserved such a cruel fate than those pioneers who had trudged their resolute way across the plains and settled the valley in the year the Civil War began. During the first year, Indians attacked; nearly everything died, fruit trees, grain, livestock. But the settlers shivered and starved through the winter, and when spring came they plowed and planted again. More came; schools were built, irrigation ditches dug; little towns sprang up along the road; board houses replaced log cabins. Children grew up and married and multiplied; and Owens Valley grew in riches and strength.

Then the promoters of Los Angeles decided that the Owens Valley watershed could supply enough water to make of their own sun-baked town a world metropolis; soon the melting snows were being diverted from Owens Valley to the desert of San Fernando Valley and Los Angeles, 220 miles away. Owens Valley was abandoned to its fate by nation and state, and by

the more tractable residents, who gave up the homes they had created with their own hands.

Father Crowley, too, had abandoned the country, believing it doomed. Recognized for his work in building three churches in a section previously served only by visiting pastors, he had become chancellor of the new Monterey-Fresno diocese. But, in a hospital bed ten years later, he realized he had been interested in his own people and not all the people of Owens Valley; that he had thrown his tremendous energies into building churches, and not communities; that he had carved out of the desert a career for himself rather than for Owens Valley, which might have rendered it indestructible. Judged in the midst of youth, he had thought he was doing well. But seen from the vantage point of a decade and of a world collapsed, he believed that he had done only half enough.

As the chancellor of a new diocese, he had helped build, at amazing speed, churches and a cathedral, hospitals and schools. He had been enormously successful. Then came the crash in 1929, community impoverishment, inability to meet bank loans, his stepping down from the chancellorship, his intimacy with death.

When the Bishop asked him in the Bakersfield hospital, "My son, what one last favor can the Church grant you?" he replied, "Let me go back to Owens Valley to die." But in his heart was the determination not to die until he had enjoyed a reprieve sufficiently long to enable him to expiate what he

looked upon as his sins of omission.

He determined that the water must be returned to Owens Valley, its land made green again, its people called home. The resolution made him strong. By the end of the second month he felt well enough to pitch into his work; he gave up the thought of dying.

He came to be a familiar sight on the streets of Lone Pine, Independence, and Bishop, and on the dirt roads of Inyo and Mono counties, in his army shirt with khaki riding pants and puttees; a medium tall, huskily built man, somewhat bandy-legged, his right arm held out from the body because it had been broken in a childhood baseball game.

He was above all a man of the cloth, whose first efforts belonged to the Church. He offered Mass at 6 o'clock Sunday mornings in the majesty of Death Valley, his vestments over his khaki. At 7, he rolled up the cassock, jumped into his sand-colored flivver and began the 100-mile drive out of Death Valley, where he was below sea level, over the staggeringly bare Panamint range, on which he had to climb up to 5,000 feet, down again to sea level in the Panamint sink, then up once again to 4,000 feet to get over the pass of the Inyo Mountain range, before dropping into Lone Pine to say Mass at 9.

The services over, he would again jump into the car and dynamite the 60 miles to Bishop for his 11 o'clock Mass. His rattling car, which he always wore out before he could complete the payments, became the most important

part of his equipage; there was no limit to the miles he would drive to get his work done.

As he sped across star-studded deserts, he tried to evolve a strategy for the rehabilitation of Owens Valley. Shortly after the turn of the century, the farmers of the valley had seen that excess flood waters wasted during the melting season ought to be preserved to furnish irrigation during the long dry autumn, that a dam built just above Owens Valley could store the surplus. However, Los Angeles set out to buy all the land along the river, all the land along the creeks which fed it, all the canal systems the Owens Valley people had built. Los Angeles set out to absorb every acre of tillable land in Owens Valley.

The city's agents, with \$11 million in their pockets, offered generous prices, and soon Los Angeles owned the 60,000 acres of tillable land. The city sank wells between Lone Pine and Bishop to draw off the underground water; the people of the towns saw that in a few short years they would have no more water to drink. Los Angeles now bought up every business property in the valley, and 90% of the homes. Los Angeles alone determined who could rent property, and for how long. Any occupant could be forced out of his home or business in 30 days. Los Angeles was careful never to take pecuniary advantage of the Owens Valley folk; prices paid were consistently generous; but the settlers stubbornly maintained that a man's home could mean more than a profitable sales price.

There had settled over the people a pall of bitterness and hatred which Father Crowley now found lodged deep in every last inhabitant.

As he rode on horseback through Long Valley and the mountains above, as he studied water-flow charts, he saw that if the Long Valley dam had been built where the settlers had judged it should be built 30 years before, Los Angeles could have had enough water for a population of five million and Owens Valley could have grown into a beautiful and prosperous community. Several times the plans seemed coming to fruition; but always something intervened: politics, land manipulation, seasons of water shortages. In the end, Owens Valley had been unable to convince the Los Angeles engineers that even with the Long Valley dam there would always be sufficient water for both Owens Valley and the ever-expanding metropolis below.

The padre knew the dam must be built. But he perceived that the people had to wage the fight themselves, regain their strength, forget their bitterness.

Father Crowley assigned to himself the task of becoming friend to every last man, woman, and child in his vast parish. His eyes, which had always been a little severe, now twinkled as he made jokes at every opportunity, for he believed that if he could start the people laughing, they might laugh the hate virus out of their blood.

He worked constantly for religious tolerance, and slowly his work became successful. Protestants forgave him for

being a Catholic, and Catholics forgave him for having so many Protestant friends. Somewhere along the line, the padre became The Padre, an understanding father to whom the weary, frightened, and confused could come.

He rarely had a dollar. When he was near friends, he could eat at their tables, but many times when he was out alone he went without food because he had no coin in his pocket. When he was not sleeping in his car or alongside the road in his blanket roll, he slept on a little cot under the eaves of his church in Lone Pine. His worldly possessions were a few extra garments hanging on the rafters. His entire parish poverty-stricken, there seemed no way to raise money for church work.

So he staged a street carnival, with many booths for hot dogs and pop and for gambling a few nickels into the till. This netted him \$200. He cast *The Drunkard* from among the valley people; folks came from hundreds of miles around. When a Mexican woman deeded the church a lot, he sold it and renovated the Lone Pine church property, renting out business and living space. He would have \$120 a month to carry on his work.

He called together representatives of every tiny outpost of the country. Thirty assembled, the editors of local newspapers, the superintendent of Death Valley National Monument, the merchants, leading miners, resort owners, cattle and sheepmen. They agreed that all work must be accomplished through communal cooperation. And the men would contribute time and energy, but

not one copper cent. Thus the Inyo Associates were formed in the little sitting room of a pioneer home.

By the following morning, opposition had arisen. The county supervisors came out against the Associates because they feared it was designed to take away their power. Trained on intrigue, the people feared the organization. Certain parishioners criticized on the grounds that Father Crowley should not meddle in economics and politics; a few Masons objected to having a priest lead them, while other Protestants claimed he was doing this to strengthen the influence of the Catholic Church.

He was not disheartened. For 16 hours a day he was in his jalopy, explaining the aims of the association, trying to quiet fears and suspicions, putting his shoulder against the dead weight of torpor, defeatism.

This region was as magnificent as any in the world, with breathtaking contrasts; trout fishing, hunting and skiing were superb. The country could have been a tourists' paradise, yet when people of Los Angeles had come up for vacations, they had met with biting hatred.

"Look, you good people," the padre now cried to his neighbors. "It's true that Los Angeles made you sell out. But all that is in the past. We have to set our faces to the future, to make a new life for ourselves."

And so the Inyo Associates inched their way into the people's confidence.

In spite of continuous dashing about the country, he did not neglect any par-

ticle of his church work. But once it was attended to, his energies were canalized into the problems of reconstructing the valley. Under the name of Inyokel, he began a column for the Catholic press, called *Sage and Tumbleweed*,* in which he brought to life for the outside world the beauty and drama of his region. He lectured often in Los Angeles to make people feel that they were wanted in Owens Valley. He offered Mass at the top of Mt. Whitney, the highest point in the U. S. on which Mass had ever been said, and took along photographers; people in Schenectady, in St. Paul, in Kansas City began to ask, "Say, where is this Mt. Whitney?"

One evening he sat in a meeting in Bishop. The following day was May 1, the opening of the fishing season.

Suddenly he leaned over toward Bob Brown, who was writing publicity for the Associates, and murmured, "Bob, you think you can get a photographer up at 3 in the morning?"

"I guess so," replied Brown.

"I have an idea. We ought to be able to crack a national wire with it." Addressing the group, he said, "I feel sorry for Catholics on a day like tomorrow. The rest of you can get out on the streams at 4 and 5 in the morning, while my people have to wait to go to church at 8. But never let it be said that Catholics are going to be beaten as fishermen. I'm going to offer a special fishermen's Mass tomorrow at 3, and I want you all to come, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, pagans, everybody. It

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, March, 1941, p. 23.

may even do you some good; anyway, it can't do you any harm. Bring your worms; I'll bless 'em. We want to get some good pictures, so be sure to bring your waders and rods and baskets."

By 3 next morning, the little wooden church was full, the aisles stacked with fishing rods and reels and baskets and boxes of bait. The flashlights went off while photographers worked. Then, when the excitement had died down, Father Crowley preached a three-minute sermon on Jesus, the Fisherman.

He had a thousand strings out to promote Owens Valley and Death Valley. In the back of his mind was always the thought that he must make friends all over the country. Every tourist dollar that could be attracted to Inyo-Mono would give that much more strength with which to wage the fight.

Thousands poured into the region, leaving an average of \$5 a day each. Trade picked up; new hotels and auto courts were built, using Owens Valley labor and materials; valley cattle were bought to feed vacationists; national grocery and oil companies established branches; the people found their income increased, so they were able to buy some new clothes and tools in their stores. Every dollar left by a tourist passed through ten Inyo hands.

Even with this tangible success, the going was rough. Antagonisms had grown among the Associates. Indefatigably, he worked to convince them that, united, they would stand but, divided, they would fall.

He would never ask anyone to do anything he would not do himself—

that is, with one exception. He constantly warned, "Drive slow and watch out for cattle." He himself was the fastest driver in the parish because he had thousands of miles to cover each week to get his work done.

During their second year the padre's Associates attracted 100,000 tourists who left behind half a million dollars. Appropriations were voted to extend their agricultural experiment stations, their fish hatcheries, their roads. They secured an appropriation for a road to connect Mt. Whitney with Bad Water in Death Valley, a project which the padre reasoned would attract millions because it connected the highest point in the U. S. with the lowest. To celebrate the opening of the road, he staged a show, *The Wedding of the Waters*.

Two Indian runners, in breechcloths and moccasins, dipped a gourd into the icy lake just beneath the peak of Mt. Whitney, and raced down the steep mountain trail with it. Four miles below, they delivered the gourd to the pony express. While crowds cheered and newsreels ground, the gourds were carried on a prospector's burro, in a covered wagon, a 20-mule team, a narrow-gauge railroad, a streamlined automobile, and lastly an airplane, which flew below sea level and sprinkled the water into Bad Water, thus joining the highest water in the country with the lowest.

The Padre's *Wedding of the Waters* brought immediate results; by 1940 a million tourists a year were coming, leaving behind them \$5 million. Old-timers began drifting back; young

men, attracted by a community rich in promise, brought fresh capital, fresh ideas.

But Father Crowley's greatest ambition was yet to be achieved. He was determined the dam should be built.

In 1937, a hearing with the Los Angeles commissioners was secured. The chairman brought his fist down on the conference table, exclaiming, "Father Crowley, we own Owens Valley. We propose to have no interference. There are no issues for discussion."

The padre laid his fist alongside the chairman's, and said, "You may own the land of Owens Valley, but you do not own the valley. Human rights are the most precious rights in the world. If you won't let me fight for those rights in this room, I'll take my fight to the street corners."

After a distinct pause, the chairman asked in a small voice, "What is it you want, Father Crowley?"

"The human equities of the people of Owens Valley have not been recognized; their right to live with all the freedom of American citizens is not satisfied by the conditions created by Los Angeles as landlord. When you gave us dollars for our lands and our homes, you did not leave us security. We cannot live without security."

But it wasn't until 1938 that a new era began. The new mayor agreed to visit Owens Valley with his commissioners.

One of the commissioners persisted, "Why is it so important that people own their homes? When I look up at these majestic pines and the lofty emi-

nence of Mt. Whitney, when I look up at this great sky above us, with its myriads of gorgeous stars, I find myself forced to ask, 'What is the matter with this roof?'"

Just then a light sprinkle of rain began.

"It leaks," replied the padre.

The laugh that went up dealt a deathblow to politics. Within a month, the city offered to sell back the homes, businesses and property in the towns, to restore the water rights. Within two months, appraisals were under way.

But while another year went by, the padre was unsuccessful in getting Los Angeles to build the dam, even though the city had voted the money and the plans were drawn. Then, one evening, the Los Angeles chief water engineer had to attend a meeting in Owens Valley, at which the padre and his Associates were present. When they brought up the subject of the Long Valley dam, Van Norman excused himself. The padre motioned to a man at the back of the room and, with a twinkle in his eye, said, "Close the door and lock it, Bill, will you? We can't let Mr. Van Norman miss this interesting discussion."

When Van Norman had heard about all he could stand, he jumped up and exclaimed, "If we build this damn dam, will that finally satisfy you?"

"Yes!" went up a mighty shout.

"All right, then; we'll build it!"

"When?" asked the padre sweetly.

Van Norman set the date.

"And when will it be completed?"

Van Norman set that date, too.

The ensuing months were happy. The padre made plans for an All Souls Chapel, began planning the world's most beautiful stations of the cross, starting at Bad Water and ending at Mt. Whitney Portals where a house at the last station would also serve as a retreat, and provide a few days of peace for clergymen and businessmen. And so he went his way.

One day in middle March, 1940, his great and good friend Sister Anna died in the convent in San Francisco. It was a sad blow.

After the funeral, the mother superior called him into the office. "Father Crowley, you are one of Sister Anna's beneficiaries. She left you \$25,000."

He told the Sisters just what he would do with the money; he planned to pay his debts, start work on the All Souls chapel, construct the stations of the cross, and finish his retreat.

At dusk, the padre began his drive back home. When he reached his country it was two in the morning; the valley was dark and utterly quiet. A good hour for reflection. He had accomplished everything he had come back from that hospital bed in Bakersfield to accomplish. Probably he was wondering what his next task would be. He was confident that when the time came, God would provide.

As the tempo of his thoughts accelerated, his foot pressed ever harder on the gas pedal. A calf suddenly ran across the road. The padre tried to swerve. Just at that moment a loaded lumber truck was speeding toward

him. The padre's car hit the calf, was hurtled into the side of the truck. The reprieve was over.

The funeral was the largest ever known on the desert. Of the eight pall-bearers, seven were Protestants. Three of these were Masons. Father Crowley would have enjoyed that.

The desert folk were grief-stricken. Everyone seemed different for having known the padre, a little kinder, a little more cooperative, a little more able. At one stormy meeting of the packers, when they were about to tear their organization to shreds, a cowboy guide said, "I can't talk much, but if the padre was here, he'd tell you boys what to do. He'd tell you to work together."

When the dam at Long Valley was completed, on the day the engineer had promised the padre it would be, Van Norman said, "You know, we ought to name this new lake after that little priest. He forced my hand in the neatest manner I've ever known."

Crowley Lake is filling with water now, water which will make Owens Valley green and fertile again. There will be plenty of loaves and plenty of fishes. The padre would have been mightily pleased with the new lake, but he would have been mad as a hornet about missing the dedication. He would have put on a big show for that affair; not merely a rodeo or carnival or pageant, but something unique in the history of promotion. People would exclaim, "Say, that sounds like a great spot for our next vacation."

And, who knows, he might once again have cracked a national wire.

No Parking, Please

Counsel for fledglings

By MAUREEN DALY

Condensed chapter of a book*

And you don't have to read the signs to understand what that means! Whether you are sophomore or senior; whether you have a date every second night of the week or hit the bright lights bimonthly; whether you rate high or low in your I.Q. tests, everyone knows that. Sometimes it is called "smooching," sometimes "making the marge" and sometimes just plain "necking." But no matter what it is called, it isn't nice, it isn't smooth, and it isn't smart at all.

You can line up your pros and cons on both sides and it still adds up to the same thing. Perhaps you feel you can't help it. All girls do it and there are so many wolves in sheep's clothing that you can't tell the fast boys from the nice ones. But with so many revealing magazine stories, radio shows and movies, even the nicest little lambs should know the outcome. So don't pretend that you're surprised, will you? Everyone knows what a quiet evening, a country road, and a low-slung moon usually means. Maybe, when you parked, you did just intend to sit and talk and listen to the radio. Maybe you are both such very good friends that an evening together just discussing school and teachers and life in general is a pleasant pastime. But even you aren't invulnerable. Unfortunately, "moonlight" usually turns into "moodlight"

and before you know it the mood is on you!

There is invariably an aftermath to those evenings. Perhaps boys may not mean to, but they always talk, and before you know it, you have been grapevined all over the school and your name is being bandied about the study hall, drugstore and locker room. That's just the thing you've always wanted to avoid. Well, it is up to you whether or not you want to have the wolves howling around your door.

You may remember little Miss Muffet who was sitting on her tuffet, minding her own business and still trying to look interesting, when along came a spider and sat down beside her but it didn't frighten her in the least for she had run into this kind of thing before. She began to talk to him. She led him into a friendly conversation about history exams, gin rummy and Bob Hope and soon there they were, good friends, but strictly on a handshaking basis. She kept the conversation animated and very normal, shying away from moonlight-and-roses topics and had no trouble at all.

There is safety, and sense, in numbers, so double dating is always a good idea. You would feel very foolish kissing a boy, with your best friend and her date looking on from the back seat. And besides, there are other things to

*Smarter and Smoother. 1944. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York City. 197 pp. \$2.

do with an evening. Stick with the crowd and make it fun from beginning to end. Make your plans before the date. If you two are just driving around alone, trying to think of something to do or somewhere to go, you are very apt to turn into a country lane and you both know it.

There is the same sad story to tell for fellows as for girls who insist on being "swifties." Perhaps you are a boy who has been having trouble lately getting dates with smooth girls, the nicer ones with whom you would really enjoy going out, the kind of girls who are good for bridge dates, for walking to the movies on a Saturday night, or for going ice skating. You aren't considered "nice people" any more. It may be your own fault. Make a truthful mental examination of the last five dates you have had. Does your trouble lie there?

You can't be a roving Romeo without the news getting around. The girls you have dated get together over cokes, at bridge games or hen sessions and compare notes, and sad will be your case if those notes check! You'll find yourself very much alone or just "going out with the boys" on Friday nights. You'll be branded and that belittling brand is hard to work off.

All these things are important, for both fellows and girls. Reputations are things that stick like shadows. Your reputation will be with you when you are out of school and long afterward. Don't fool yourself by saying that "necking" is all part of being young; all part of growing up. It isn't neces-

sary to "neck" to prove that you are now man-sized. It is a very serious thing. You can work yourself into an emotional case with no reputation and very few standards. It isn't smooth or smart to be fast. You may want to chalk it up as experience but you may never be able to get that chalk mark off your wall.

Perhaps you think you are in love. You've got that lighthearted, starry-eyed, "isn't it a wonderful world" feeling and you really think you are in love. Perhaps you are. But be honest with yourself. It might be love and it might not. Look over the records. You have been this way before, you know.

Didn't you think you were in love a month ago last Tuesday when you were dating that drugstore fountain clerk who looked so trim in his white cap? And you aren't dating that tall blond boy any more, either—you remember, the one who used to write you those wonderful notes in study hall and with whom you went so ecstatically steady for a month and a half. And there were two boys this summer and one last April when the nights were just beginning to get warm and the air was soft with spring. At close hand they all looked like love and now, at a distance, they just look silly. They don't look as if they were legitimate excuses for kissing the boys at all. You are beginning to regret those long evenings and all the things you did and said. Are you sure your current love isn't another of those quick affairs? Someone once said of a girl, "She isn't really smooth. She's

just been around so much she's worn smooth."

So quite frankly, and with no reservations, necking just isn't smart and should be avoided. Don't claim that

gas rationing has brought you to this. It's one thing you can't pass off as a red, white and blue gesture (you need not be that patriotic) so, no parking, please!



The Training of a Jesuit

A Jesuit begins his Jesuit life by entering the noviceship, where he undergoes a completely spiritual training for two years. Here his mind is not engaged in any study but the study of himself, and how he fits in with the Jesuit life. At the end of this period, if he is to be admitted to the Society, he takes his simple vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, for life.

The first part of his training completed, the novice passes to what is called the juniorate. Here he spends three years, studying the arts and sciences. During this time he usually attends the university and studies in some degree course or other. The juniorate completed, the scholastic starts the first part of his precisely priestly training by studying philosophy for three years. Here he studies the Scholasticism of St. Thomas; epistemology, or the study of human knowledge; metaphysics, or the concept of being; psychology, the study of the human soul; cosmology, or the ultimate construction of the world; ethics, the norm of human behavior in relation to man's ultimate end; theodicy, or the study of God in the light of human reason.

During those three years he studies also the history of philosophy and various subsidiary subjects: mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, sociology, anthropology, pedagogy. At the end of his philosophy, he is sent to teach in a Jesuit college, for three years.

The young Jesuit has now been 11 years on the way, when he enters upon his study of theology. He spends four years studying dogmatic and moral theology, Sacred Scripture, canon law, ascetical theology, liturgy, Eastern languages, Oriental rites, oratory, and Gregorian chant.

Even then, the Jesuit is not considered to be completely formed. Lest, in the earnest pursuit of learning, there should have been any clouding of the end of it all, the greater glory of God, the Jesuit priest ends where he began, in his second noviceship, or tertianship, for a year. This ended, his 16 years' training over, he goes off on his mission, to the foreign mission fields, home missions, parishes, colleges, universities, observatories, editorial offices, or whatever work may be given him by his superiors for the greater glory of God.

Vanishing Homes

By RICHARD CARROLL

Hearthstone homily

Condensed from the *Catholic Virginian**

A movie short depicts a mother of three children in a war job. The children are about 15, 12 and four. Let's call them Mary, Jack and Billy. Apparently Mary did not attend school, because she took care of the house and little Billy, and prepared the meals. Twelve-year-old Jack was pretty much on his own after school. He roamed the streets in bad company and ended in the toils of the law. Meanwhile, Mary, having her own troubles with housework and baby brother, looked for recreation on the streets and began making herself a servicemen's "pick-up."

Various civic and church agencies were called in. A lovely day nursery was found for Billy; Jack was made a Boy Scout, and poor Mary's recreational problem was settled through dances and entertainments sponsored by her church (that's where the priests came in) and the Y.W.C.A., where everything was in the proper atmosphere and under adequate supervision.

It is all very beautiful and touching, but something wrong about the whole thing is not very hard to find. There is only one, simple solution: get that mother back into the home which she had absolutely no business leaving in the first place.

The mother left in order to help the war effort and to enrich the family

treasury. Perhaps the patriotic motive was the more impelling.

Our boys and girls in the service are going to be cruelly disappointed when they return to the homes and families they fight for. They may expect to find that the years have wrought some changes in little brother and little sister, but they may be shocked to find an innocent little girl transformed into a fresh, sophisticated miss, who talks of life and its problems with the assurance of a dowager. Meanwhile, little brother has developed into a suave young man of the world, or a tough who gives promise of becoming a successful gangster. And the home, for whose preservation big brother risked life and limb, has become merely a place for sleep and an occasional meal. Affection hardly exists. This discouraging picture is not at all impossible in a home that mother deserts for a war job. Mrs. William Berry, of Greensboro, N. C., American Mother of 1942, made some sage observations at the Conference on the Family under the auspices of the Family Life Bureau. Mrs. Berry has reared 13 children. While she was so engaged she had to help in her husband's business when he was ill.

"Obviously," says Mrs. Berry, "a woman cannot take care of her children and her home, and, at the same time spend the better part of her en-

ergy in some industrial establishment. Being a mother is no part-time occupation. It demands more consistent attention over a greater length of time than anything else I can think of. Every hour of the day and night, year after year, a mother must be constantly with her child."

Mrs. Berry is speaking plain common sense as well as excellent Catholic doctrine.

Thoughtful persons have been concerned for some time over the breakdown of family life. Modern life with its distractions is causing much uneasiness among those who know that the family is the fundamental unit of society. If that unit is not healthy and strong, there is great danger that the whole of society will collapse.

At the Conference on the Family, Mrs. Robert A. Angelo, the president of the National Council of Catholic Women, concluded:

"Since the family is the basic unit it is the duty of the nation to assist and foster ideal family life. The nation is not something outside of the people. It is the people. If all is not well in our America, if divorce, artificial birth control, dishonest economics attack the integrity of the marriage bond and the dignity of the family, we cannot stand off and accuse the nation, the government. We must accuse ourselves. In our Christian tradition and in our national traditions we have upheld the dignity of family life. In this was our strength. But we have allowed a group of selfish individualists to make us a nation of easy divorces and of limited

families. Repudiating immorality, we have accepted divorce and contraception as part of the mores of American life. We have been too complacent. It will take men and women who live by the Ten Commandments to bring about a social condition in which the family can grow in decency and dignity; it will take different women to raise our families: women who are not afraid to be different, if by being different they can restore the family to Christ."

There is need for rededication to the ideals of Christian marriage and Christian family life in our nation today, if we wish to deserve the blessing and aid of almighty God. The ideal of Christian marriage arises from its sacred character, described by Pius XI in his encyclical on *Christian Marriage*:

"The sacredness of marriage, which is intimately connected with religion and all that is holy, arises from its divine origin, from its purpose, which is the begetting and education of children for God, and the binding of man and wife to God through Christian love and mutual support; and finally it arises from the very nature of wedlock, whose institution is to be sought for in the farseeing providence of God, whereby it is the means of transmitting life, thus making the parents the ministers, as it were, of the divine omnipotence. To this must be added that new element of dignity which comes from the sacrament, by which the Christian marriage is raised to such a level that it appeared to the apostle as a great sacrament, honorable in every way."

Perhaps the greatest single reason for the breakdown of family life is that so many enter into marriage with unworthy motives and with little idea of its responsibilities. That is why they are unwilling to make the sacrifices married life demands. Artificial birth control is the natural concomitant of such marriages, and many begin with no higher ideal than sensual love end in divorce. They have a way of never rising higher than their source.

Father Edgar Schmiedeler, O.S.B., director of the Family Life Bureau, played a leading part in organizing the Conference. He said: "Conjugal love, elevated and transfigured in Christian marriage, greatly helps husband and wife in working out the goal of their union. That goal is the same as in the union between Christ and the Church, namely, 'the continuous sanctifying of the members of the body for the glory of God and of the Lamb that was slain.' It is a goal to be sought in union. They are to work together toward it. And as they do so, not only should their love for each other steadily deepen; their love for God should grow proportionately stronger.

"The Christian family, the Catholic home, is based upon this divine romance. The Christian family is the mystical Body of Christ in miniature. The father is the head of the body and

holds the place of Christ; the mother is the body itself, or the Church; the children are the members of the body as they are members of the Church. These are not just poetic figures of speech. They are eternal verities repeatedly set forth in the liturgy of the Church and they are even implied in Holy Writ.

"Presumably such Christian teachings on marriage and family will strike not a few today as idealistic. The fact is, they are ideal. But are they too much so? *'Anima humana naturaliter Christiana,'* wrote one of the great Fathers of the Church, 'the human soul is naturally Christian.' These ideals are entirely in harmony with man's needs, with his dignity. After all, they come from the mind of God, from the God who made man's nature and who knows its capacities and its needs.

"Family conditions in our day are not unlike those of the pagan world. The greatest thing that we can do for the home life of our day is to engrave deeply upon the consciousness of the human family the teaching that Christian marriage is a symbol of the mystical Body of Christ, that the union of husband and wife in Christian marriage is a symbol of the union that exists between Christ and His Church, that the Christian family is the mystical Body in miniature."



More Than a Lot of Us Do At All

Snails do the holy
Will of God slowly.

Leonard Feeney, S.J., quoted in the *Catholic Herald Citizen* (27 May '44).

Father Ferrary Throws a Party

By W. N. COLLINS

All things to all men

Condensed from the *China Correspondent**

The author of the following for the last three years has been a professor at the National Central University of China. He was at one time a professor at the University of Michigan, and was in England for 11 years as adviser to Kuo Tai Chi, former ambassador to England. Professor Collins is not a Catholic.

Father Ferrary threw one of his parties the Saturday night before Thanksgiving, mostly for U. S. Army and Navy and Air Force men, as usual, but this time also for Miss Peggy Ma; Peggy was leaving almost immediately to go to school at St. Elizabeth's in New Jersey. I got in on it, too, just as I often wangle my way into one of his parties, but this time I had a right to be there, because if it hadn't been for me Peggy might not have been going to St. Elizabeth's nor might she even have had the blessedness and balance of Catholic young womanhood.

A Cantonese restaurant served the meal in the large room downstairs at Father Ferrary's and it was 8:15 when we sat down to eat, 35 of us. Father Leo Ferrary doesn't hold down expense for these servicemen dinners, ridiculously frugal as he is all other times. A fine soup was followed by six kinds of meats garnished with hard-boiled eggs; there was a course of well-brownéd fish titbits, and fish is an A-plus luxury in Chungking these days; there was roast chicken with crackly skin

and flavorish meat; some meatballs of I know not what but with an almost oysterish flavor; a great dish of pork (hard to come by in Chungking these days, and I have a kind of passion for the sweet sauce); a steamed duck was almost lost beneath a pile of succulent bamboo and dried mushroom; and a vegetable course almost made me renounce my opinion of flavorless and unnourishing vegetables in Szechwan. Then came along a delicately flavored thin liquid dessert with fluffy sponge cake, and this liquid dessert almost deserves a paragraph to itself. A mystical gleam comes into Szechwanese eyes when you speak of it. The two Chinese characters of its name are in English literally *silver ears* and it has both delicacy and potency. It is sophisticated and expensive. It is at once almost palatable and most healthful and most aristocratic. I will not go on about it, but Szechwanese will go on about it if you get them started on the subject.

"Silver ears" was followed by (for the Chinese will serve things that way, soup at the last and dessert somewhere past the middle) a huge dish of noodles, which I was by then too replete to taste, and I was sorry, for noodles can be so good, just as they can be so meager, and these, I could see, were by no means meager. The wine was peach wine from the country, from a

*P. O. Box 107, Chungking, China. January, 1944.

place Father Ferrary knows. We topped off with large tangerines, now at the height of their season, lovely to look at and sweet for once. Such things have never been given expert attention in China and in consequence they are tart and make one's mouth pucker.

We dined by candlelight because Saturday night is the night Father Ferrary's part of town is rationed on electricity, but the lights came on as we were singing. They sang a song that is by now a favorite of mine, *White Christmas*. A sergeant did a trombone imitation as accompaniment to singing, with marvelous effectiveness—it was not only fun but an embellishment. The same sergeant stood up and sang *Ave Maria* superbly in Latin, unaccompanied, and along in the evening they sang *Silent Night*. The old reliables like *Old Black Joe*, *Irish Eyes*, and *Show Me the Way To Go Home* were sung in chorus. Mancin had constituted himself master of ceremonies by this time and was at his very best. He was not at all lit but was gently illuminated by the slow, sure pervasiveness of the peach wine and imparted a glow to the whole party as he stridently announced each song and drew hesitant soloists to their feet. Then everybody sang *God Bless America* and a new version of *The Old Gray Mare* with lines about "the Stars and Stripes Over Germany" and "the Stars and Stripes Over Tokyo." It was a dandy song. Then came the Artillery song, of which the line, "As the caissons go rolling along," still rumbles in my memory.

Nobody but Father Ferrary could manage the juxtaposition of commissioned officers, ranks, and ratings, the forces and civilians, and along with it the sacred and the mundane, the religious and the hilarious, with the same utter freedom and yet complete seemliness, giving each its due and yet each keeping its place. In the isolation of Chungking, amid the confusion, despondency, and distant hope, what a pastoral thing it is to provide such get-togethers for American young men on an occasional evening. And what a right thing it is, too, to gather them with not a thought whether they are Catholic or non-Catholic. But that is Father Ferrary's Americanism all over. And among this medley he has always a considerable sprinkling of Chinese friends, young ladies to add feminine grace, Chinese officials, professional and businessmen, all of them quickly getting into the spirit of the occasion, each with a contribution.

The four Chinese girls who were the only roses among the 31 thorns had the time of their lives at the party, but Peggy Ma, the dinner's guest of honor, had a quiet triumph all her own, that she did not realize and that would have been spoiled if she had realized it. I had introduced her to Father Ferrary last May, and when I got back from Kansu in October I found her completing her Catholic instruction and having a happy Baptism, with Lady Seymour, wife of the British ambassador, as her godmother.

Father Ferrary is a baffling mixture of the prelatical and pastoral, priestly

and personal, dignified and colloquial, idealistic and practical. If I were in his place (for, after all, he is the Apostolic Delegate's representative in Chungking and therefore, in Chinese eyes, charged with all the ultimate duties of Vatican representative in Chungking while the Apostolic Delegate is still in Peiping) I would let others teach catechism to young men and women, but he will put himself at their disposal when they apply. And it is one of the sights of Chungking to behold him careening along on his motorcycle to the Waichiaopu (the Chinese Foreign Office) on behalf of American or Spanish or French or German or Italian or Portuguese missionaries who need new passports, or protection from eviction, in any province, north, south, west, east. Off and on you'll find him tinkering away at home at his motorcycle, hoping to get it in shape to run next time he needs it—until some serviceman comes along and says, "Father, let me have a look at the rattletrap."

He camps out rather than resides at St. Joseph's, some say because he isn't willing to spend the necessary money on himself. But I give him no such credit; I think he just likes to live that way. St. Joseph's isn't much after wartime bombings, and, such as it is, he has to share it with a detachment of Chinese military police. The walls are gone, and there is only a lump of the altar left under the open sky. The front alone remains—the main entrance and the clock tower, and that front is occupied by the gendarmerie. So St. Joseph's and Father Ferrary supplement

each other, it being all front and he having no front at all.

I think he might live in a little more comfort and dignity. But, no, he is pastoral more than prelatical; only you have to be somewhat prelatical if by exigencies of war you are directed to represent to the Chinese Foreign Office the emergency needs of the Catholic missionaries in occupied China and smooth out all the problems of the one Church with the many nationalities of her clergy and their interests material and spiritual and personal. The Chinese authorities sense this in him, this Franciscan commonness of kindly understanding and sympathy and association, as well as the distinction of thought in his representations to them, and the deep competence of his 20 years in China. Their knowledge of his way of living adds regard to their respect for his ability. So, considering all his responsibilities and activities, I suppose he must be allowed to indulge his one special vice whenever opportunity offers.

Father Ferrary is a terrible walker and climber. Tyrolean ancestry may account for it: nothing can exonerate him for it. No one should ever let himself be enticed into the country with him without knowing the perils, the progressive exhaustion, the sullen but hopeless resistance, the final prostration, that comes of accepting any suggestion from him that it would be pleasant to take a little rural walk.

Once last autumn he crossed my path out in the country around South Springs, with two husky American ser-

geants, headed 25 miles farther into the hills for a week's shooting. I knew what they were in for, but I didn't feel called on to warn them. Father Ferrary was chanting the equivalent of "There's b'ar in them thar hills; there's deer; there's wild boar; there's tigers." They finally struggled back to the so-called civilization of Chungking, after a week of rain, looking rather like the old-time "before-taking" pictures of medical advertisements. He had kept them chasing up and down hill, twisting along invisible trails, the whole week through and all they shot was a porcupine. I was not sorry for them. They could always have shot Ferrary and said they mistook him for a chamois or a mountain goat. He would have had it coming to him. But he came back fresh as ever, quite rejuvenated.

I can outmatch him at the table. Let him outmatch me on the trail and in his living of the Franciscan ideal. I am physically and spiritually lazy; I must learn a little from his large-mindedness and greatheartedness and so tolerate his virtues (which is often much harder to do with friends than to tolerate their defects) and let him go his own pretty stubborn way. If he is long-winded in walking at least he is short-winded in talking, and most people are the opposite. I will be large-minded myself, even as I am large-stomached, and continue to eat his meals and try his patience and accept the honey he gets from down country. I will be gracious to him, considering that I never by any chance gave him a dinner in return and usually neglect to pay him for the honey.



Stop Thief

Thousands of Dutch families have been forced to vacate their homes and leave behind all personal belongings and household furnishings, except a suitcase or two of clothing. Their homes have either been taken over by the nazis to shelter bombed-out German families, or torn down to make room for German defense works.

One such mass dispossession took place in Eindhoven, in North Brabant province. Five hundred families in this industrial town of 103,000 were ordered to vacate within the 12-hour limit, the underground newspaper *Het Parool* reported. However, since most of them had anticipated such an order, they had removed the bulk of their furnishings. When the refugees from the Reich moved in, they were bitterly disillusioned. One family of nazis, moving in while the Dutch owner was carrying away his table lamps, became indignant, and called the dispossessed Hollander a thief.

The Farmer's Wife

By CLARE LEIGHTON

Condensed from a book*

Out beyond the city, a farmer's wife rests on her porch. Bewildered by a world at war, she lifts her eyes to the fields around her.

"And yet it's all so simple," she murmurs. "If only people lived here in the country, they'd see that the one thing that matters most in the whole world is the earth. Everything we eat comes from the earth. And you've got to eat to be able to work, or drive a tank, or make an airplane. You don't care if you live or die, when you are starving. And if you don't care what happens to you, you don't even want to build ships, and tanks, and guns, much less make a new world when this war is over. Somehow, it seems as if life had gone all wrong, for there it is, so simple and clear, if you'd only use your eyes."

She pauses a moment, looking towards the farmer who is coming in from the barn.

"There's some that think only of the money they're making out of this war. But money isn't any good to you if there's nothing for you to buy with it. You can't eat dimes, and you'd only choke on dollar bills."

She shakes her head, and gazes out over the fields. Before us extends sleek farmland, yielding corn and oats and hay. But even while we look upon this peaceful scene, the calm is broken by loud explosions from the Army prov-

ing ground, over the hills. The porch shakes, and as the thunderings break into her talk, the farmer's wife turns her head from me, towards the hills; for her sons are away fighting, and her daughters have left the farm to work in war plants.

Sitting here upon her porch, we see, as in a vision, men and women at lathes. We see them making shells and airplanes. We see them standing at production lines, dazed with fatigue as they turn out the weapons of annihilation. And sitting here together, we two women, we know that we live in an age that runs counter to the ways of woman. For though man is the fighter, woman should be the creator and preserver of life. At this moment, we are bound to each other in our distress; for we face a world that has been forced into the path of destruction. And with this moment of insight, we know we must continue to weave the central pattern of life, that the thread of civilization may not snap. We hold in trust the enduring things.

Over in the war plants, the workers stand before their machines. But behind these machines lies the earth. Unspectacular and quietly eternal, the earth is the fount of all that muscular power. It is behind the force of the Bessemer converters at the great steel mills, and it drives the propellers of

**Give Us This Day*. 1943. *Reynal & Hitchcock, New York City*, 16. 86 pp. \$2.50.

the bombing planes. It welds the plates of the battleships, and supplies energy for the men who fire the guns. Undisputed in time of peace, still it is supreme in time of war. For behind each army that fights, and behind each brain that plans the design for a lasting peace, lies a field of corn. Little wonder that the farmer's wife knows that she and her fellow-workers upon the earth shape humanity.

The black loam is moist. You can smell it as the tractors plow the furrows. For the farm lies low, and the floods this year had turned the fields into lakes. It is the middle week of June, and the land is unbroken still, and tangled with weeds. Three hundred and twenty acres of good Illinois earth stand unplowed and unplanted; and the world at war needs food.

But something stronger than flood has broken this farmer and his wife. Phantoms stalk their fields, standing between them and their sleep at night, and between them and their land by day. This farm is dimmed by the specters of war, and the spirit of its owners has been defeated. For the three tall sons who were born upon this land, who plowed this black loam and planted and harvested the corn, have gone to war. The land has conquered this farmer and his wife as they work alone.

But something is happening this morning. Along the straight roads, and around the curves of the township jogs, move seven tractors, with plows and harrows. They are followed by a four-row corn planter, and a truck loaded with sacks of seed corn. This mechan-

ized farm army converges upon the straight roads, to the low-lying farm that battles with the solitary farmer.

The tractors are driven by neighboring farmers. They have come to help a fellow in distress. Shyly these men explain away their generosity, as though they were ashamed. "As like as not it might have been one of us," mutters one man. "It'd be a waste to let all this land lie idle when the world is wanting food so badly," says another. "And it isn't as though his sons weren't fighting this war for all of us," says a third. The farmer who brought sacks of seed corn murmurs that he had miscalculated in buying his hybrid corn this season, and is glad to find a use for it.

They have opened up the first furrow, and the smell of oil and gasoline from the tractors blends with the smell of wet earth and crushed green weeds. The turned earth is black and shiny, as the green grass and weeds are laid low.

On the wooden porch the farmer's wife stands dazed. She can scarcely believe what she sees here before her. She watches her man at the far end of the field, driving his own shabby tractor with the two-share plow, and it is as though his vigor had returned to him. Seven neighbors have given him something more than the planting of his fields; they have restored his waning courage.

"Simon and me, we'll sleep mighty tonight," thinks the farmer's wife. And she turns to the house to get her packets of vegetable seeds. The seven bright tractors have planted the spirit of courage in her own earth.

History is being made by the farm woman. For behind the food, behind warmth in winter, shade in summer, comfort in time of distress, stands the wife. The pattern of her days is filled with ceaseless working and planning, and when her menfolk return at sunset, their limbs shaken from a day with the tractor, she mends the torn overalls and darns the socks. The farmer rests in the evening, smoking his pipe contentedly, but she must bake for tomorrow.

Her day never ends. There is always a baby to tend, or hot mash to prepare for some sick animal. Washday means scrubbing the men's overalls that are caked with dried earth, greasy with oil from the machinery, bloodstained from the butchering; the yard is festooned with lines of overalls and shirts. And in the scandalous heat of a summer afternoon the smell of the hot iron catches the throat. The harvest hands will be here in a few days; she will have to rush home from riding the binder, to cook for them, hot breads and meats, and vegetables from the garden. How ravenous they are, when they come to the house at noon! They have cleared the dishes of chicken and pork and lamb before she has time to eat. And harvesting always comes when she is canning her beans. There was that summer of the drought, too, when the heat struck through you like a knife, and little Rufus was born; the babies *would* be born at harvest time, just when she was needed in the fields. Most of them had come just then, Rufus and Dot and Connie and Bill and

Tom, and if it wasn't then, it would be at some other busy time.

The hired girl comes in from the milking. There is supper to set. The sun is low in the sky and the farmer's wife must water her plants. She goes to the front porch, to tend the dozens of potted plants there: begonias, geraniums, ferns, cactus; she knows the exact shape of each plant. Tenderness comes into her face as she stoops to water a gloxinia: 22 flowers it had last year, the color of a ripe strawberry when you slice it in half. She works among her plants, and there is a softness in her movements, as though she would stroke each leaf and flower. The mother in her that has raised eight children, the warmth in her that tends the menfolk and the garden and the chickens, finds in these plants something more to love, as though there were no limit to her need of life to cherish. She moves to the back porch, where she has as many more plants to tend. She walks through the house, and in every window grow creeping plants, hanging plants, budding plants that must be cared for.

As she stands here in her kitchen, stirring batter in a pan, she seems a worthy figure of womanhood. Against a world given over to destruction, she symbolizes the preserver of life. There is in her something of the kindly abundance of all earth growth and earth power. She is beyond change, and will endure as the land endures, and daytime and night. Hers is a life without hates, that is big enough to care for the fields of other farmers and the children of other mothers. Man in his innermost

lack of security may still need to talk of "my field" and "my harvest," but deep within him the good farmer can think in terms of "our fields" and "our harvests," and his woman can fill her arms with the care of all men and all earth.

The farmer is helpless before wind and drought and flood. As he listens to the mockery of the rain upon his shriveled corn, he remembers other disasters. The crop he had raised the first year of his marriage was as pretty a stand of corn as you could want. They had looked at it on Labor day with contentment in their hearts. And then, before sundown, 15 minutes of a hail-storm had laid their field low, and they had crept to bed that night humbled before a force greater than themselves.

But if this force is greater than man, it is also an exacting power. For it fires him with needs and urges that are beyond the growing of his food. Man belongs with the earth more closely than he remembers. He is a child of this earth, bound to it by an umbilical cord that he cannot sever. And so, as he goes about his labors, an unrest burns within him, beyond all reasoning.

Perhaps the sudden warmth in the air has worked this magic. The common scenes of earth are illuminated by a glow of heroics, and the creator in him, which had been damped down by civilization, refuses to be subdued.

Out on the land the farmer walks among his animals. In a few days his sow will farrow. And then, but a short time after that, two of his mares should foal. Lambs gambol upon the meadow, and calves nuzzle their mothers. As he

walks among his stock, the farmer feels creatively the stirrings of content.

Inside the barn are sacks of seed. He cuts open the sacks, tenderly fingering the seeds within. At this moment he knows enchantment, for his eyes pass over reality and see the truth that lies behind fact, so that the microscopic kidney-shaped clover seeds, dull green-black, dull red, pink, yellow, and warm green, hold the magic of all seed for all time. He fingers them with wonder, stripped of the film of custom. They are smooth and cool and, dipping his hand deep into the sack, he knows he holds within this hand an entire field of clover, and the scent of the blossom is strong in his nostrils and the hum of bees loud in his ears. At this moment, here in the barn among the sacks of seed, he becomes a god; and there is no bound to his power. Feeling this, an urge comes upon him to fling his arm in the gesture of sowing; for an urge does not die in man merely from disuse. He fills his hand with the seed, and, stepping from the barn, throws out his right arm with a movement that he himself has never needed to use, but a movement that was instinct within the arms of his forefathers.

The farmer's wife works in the kitchen. But in her mind at this moment is the look in the farmer's face as he left the house. A wise woman knows when her man has gone away from her. She knows the look that comes to his eyes when he needs to create cows and sheep and pigs and fields of clover.

"The warmth in the air has him," she sighs. And she turns to her work.

Europe's Children Are Hungry

Shall we let them starve?

By DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

Condensed from *Life**

Should food be sent through the blockade to the half-starving children of occupied Europe? Opponents of a limited-feeding program may not have heard of the Nazis' ruthless policy of extermination:

"What does a temporary defeat matter if, through the destruction of people and material wealth in enemy countries, we are able to secure a margin of economic and demographic superiority even greater than before?"—General von Stülpnagel.

"One of our great mistakes in the first war was to spare enemy civilians. We Germans must number at least twice the population of our neighbors. Therefore, we must destroy at least one-third of our neighbors. We can best achieve this through systematic malnutrition, in the end far superior to machine guns. Starvation works more effectively among the young."—Field Marshal von Rundstedt.

Such Nazi policy has aroused American consciences. Witness the strong resolutions just passed unanimously by Congress and echoed by state legislatures, town meetings, full-page advertisements, editorials, and petitions to the President signed by many thousands, all urging that food be sent Europe's children. The American Federation of Labor, the Federal Council of Churches, and the Roman Catholic hi-

erarchy are all on record. Significantly, 43 clergymen and educators who two and a half years ago had publicly opposed relief now urge immediate dispatch of powdered milk and vitamins to mothers and children in the conquered countries of Europe. "With America in the war and privation in Europe deepening into starvation, the situation today is different," they said.

While Washington newspapermen bet on the invasion date, the State Department admitted it was "re-examining" the whole subject. Department officials have held out hope that a feeding program may be begun soon, if only on a very small scale.

The War Department is no longer echoing the British arguments against any breach in the blockade. A full year ago high-ranking officers responsible for planning operations in Europe told an advocate of relief that they saw no military argument against a properly controlled program. In March of this year one of the three highest civilian heads of the War Department had "no objection to offer" to such a program.

Whether the blockade-minded Prime Minister Churchill will assent to a limited relief program—whether Messrs. Stettinius and Berle went to London to discuss it—is not public information.

"The British," a representative of an occupied country said, "believe in the

*Copyright, Time, Inc., Life, Rockefeller Center, New York City. May 8, 1944.

blockade just as they believe in the Church of England and Magna Charta." Yet an influential section of British opinion, including Harold Nicolson, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and such important publications as the *Spectator*, have strongly advocated a relief program. Now working in Britain to send food to Belgian children is the Famine Relief Committee, sponsored by the Bishop of Chichester, chairman, the Master of Balliol, and Prof. Gilbert Murray.

G. F. Thorold, first secretary and expert on economic warfare at the British Embassy, said that His Majesty's government periodically reviews the question. He referred to apparently favorable statistics on mortality in Belgium quoted in the House of Lords by the minister of economic warfare. These statistics, however, did not agree with the careful analysis of the medical situation given the Lords the same day by Baron Horder, physician in ordinary to King George VI, nor with the report of the International Labor Office published last fall, which stated that the death rate in Antwerp had increased 35% between 1941 and 1942, and in Brussels, 23%.

Data on health conditions in the occupied countries are available from a number of reliable sources. There is a serious shortage of fats and proteins, making for a starchy diet deleterious to health. The official daily ration, when obtainable, for the average adult provides 1,200 calories available in unrationed foods; 1,500 in Norway, and the same in Holland. Those daily rations

should be compared, Baron Horder told the Lords, with the 2,480-3,000 calories essential to good health. In Germany at the end of the first World War, when foreign missions observed a widespread semistarvation, the daily diet still gave 1,600 to 1,700 calories.

City and industrial populations are hardest hit and the South is the hungriest section of France. Adults everywhere have suffered serious loss of weight, averaging up to 30 pounds. The people, refugees agree, think of only two things, how to drive out Germans and how to get a little food.

Hunger edema, a kind of dropsy, which in England, Baron Horder said, is quite rare, is a current manifestation on the continent. Not a single case was observed in Belgium between 1914 and 1918. Now several new cases a week are observed in a large university clinic in Brussels.

Children over six are in the worst condition, since their ration does not provide for adequate growth. City children in France are from 25% to 40% below normal weight. More than half newborn children weigh less than 6.6 pounds. Children able to go to school faint at their desks, sit listlessly on playground benches.

The number of miscarriages and stillborn children has been increasing. A study made at the Liège Polyclinic showed that pregnant women were 80% below the normal weight gain.

An Underground worker who left France last summer told of visiting one family where two children of four and six stayed constantly in bed for lack of

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

to NEW Subscribers

13 MONTHS \$3

FOR ONLY

Send THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

41 EAST EIGHTH STREET, ST. PAUL, 2, MINN.

TO _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

ZONE , STATE

Please send for

13 Months for \$3.00 [] 24 Months for \$5.00 [] 3 Years for \$6.75 []

Special rate, 13 months \$2.00, if sent to servicemen in U. S. Camps

Please send for

3 Years for \$6.75 []

Start with the month of _____

Postage
Will Be Paid
by
Addressee

No
Postage Stamp
Necessary
If Mailed in the
United States

BUSINESS REPLY CARD

First Class Permit No. 607, Section 510, P. L. & R. St. Paul, Minnesota

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

41-45 EAST EIGHTH ST.

ST. PAUL, 2, MINN.

strength to get up and play. He visited a doctor who had just been called to certify to the death of an old lady and her grandson who had expired from starvation.

Tuberculosis, Hitler's gift to Europe, menaces the young and old. Among children of seven to 14 in industrial Belgium the incidence has increased 60%. In France deaths from tuberculosis have risen 50% since prewar days. Two members of the French Academy of Medicine were jailed for publishing a report on tuberculosis.

In Belgium a little over one-third of the child population above the age of six is affected by one disease or another, and a quarter of the children under six. The prevalent diseases include scurvy, rickets, bone decalcification, anemia, impetigo and scabies.

Diphtheria has grown to epidemic proportions in Norway and Holland, where cases for 1943 are estimated at 35,000 as compared with 1,730 in 1940. Typhoid in Holland had quadrupled by the end of 1942 and bacillary dysentery tripled. In Norway there has been a steep rise in meningitis, pneumonia, infantile paralysis, and scarlet fever.

France, which before the war imported only 10% of her food, now produces 33% less foodstuffs and is suffering from heavy German requisitions. Belgium, the most thickly populated and industrialized country in Europe, before the war imported 1 million tons of wheat a year. Since the war the Germans have sent in from 70,000 to 300,000 tons of poor quality grains a year. Germany's calculated policy has

been not to create famine conditions, which cause serious civil disorders, but to half starve the countries.

She has taken the bulk of Norway's fish catch, which is down 50%, and lays her hands on all the meat, vegetables, and dairy products she can find. If a Norwegian family gets fish once a week they are lucky, and even luckier if they get meat once a month. The nazi policy has been to ship relatively small quantities of essential foodstuffs at a time and so late that reserves are nearly or altogether exhausted before they arrive.

A little food from neutrals within the blockade has reached Belgium and Norway. Two thousand tons a month of fish and vegetable oils have been brought from Portugal into Belgium and paid for with frozen funds in London, with the consent of the British government, adding 100 calories a day to the diet of 1½ to 2 million children, adolescents, and invalids in cities. Served in canteens by the Belgian Red Cross and the Winter Help Fund, the food has not benefited the nazis, the Underground has reported. In Norway about 100,000 schoolchildren, or one sixth of the total, are getting at school canteens some milk sent under the Swedish Red Cross and the Swedish Donator's Committee.

In a statement before the Riksdag recently, the minister of civilian supply said that Sweden would like to send more food into Norway, but the Allies have permitted export of only small quantities. When in a few instances collective consignments (of food par-

cels) have been sent without Allied approval, Swedish imports from the west have been correspondingly affected.

The next day all the newspapers, approving the statement, stressed that importation of food from the Western Hemisphere and extensive relief, similar to the plan which Sweden supervises in Greece, would be the best solution.

Such a program of relief has been worked out by Dr. Howard E. Kershner, formerly director of the American Friends' Service Committee's relief work in unoccupied France. Dr. Kershner is now chairman of the Temporary Council on Food for Europe's Children. He is also associated with the National Committee on Food for the Small Democracies, of which Herbert Hoover is honorary chairman. Since it does not appear practicable to move supplies into Poland, where conditions are even worse than in Belgium, and since Denmark is relatively better off, Dr. Kershner limits his proposal to feeding the children of Norway, Holland, Belgium, and France.

His plan envisages a total of 51,000 tons of food a month, providing a supplementary daily ration for 10 million children and nursing and expectant mothers, or for about one person in six. Only children under 15 would be helped. While older adolescents are badly undernourished, the objection could be raised that their labor would be of potential value to the occupying power. The most needful children and mothers would be given the food at canteens under the supervision of neutrals, Swe-

den or Switzerland, or perhaps both, with the assistance of the International Red Cross.

The friendly neutral must first negotiate an agreement, obtaining guarantees from Germany that it would not reduce rations in the four countries, and that it would send the same quantities of food it did during the previous year.

The program could be financed for the most part from funds of occupied countries. The food could be sent in Swedish ships and the bulk of supplies could be obtained from sources outside the U.S. There are important quantities of cocoa, fish and meat in Venezuela, and foodstuffs have been available in the Belgian Congo for two years. Spain is reported to have surplus olive oil.

Dr. Kershner's plan is viewed favorably by the Washington representatives of the countries concerned. All four have made representations to our State Department urging limited feeding programs. As suppliants depending on the Allies for ultimate delivery from the invader, the governments-in-exile cannot bring much pressure to bear, although it seems a bit anomalous that 20,000 sailors of the Norwegian Merchant Marine man 500 ships which sometimes carry foodstuffs to England while Norwegian children are denied. Representatives of all the four governments stressed that their Undergrounds favor a relief program, properly safeguarded. The newspaper *PM* erred when it stated categorically that the Undergrounds wish no food sent in

The Greek relief program is a shining proof of what can be done. It was started in September, 1942, and is administered by Sweden under the Mixed Commission of the International Red Cross. The first cargoes of 15,000 tons of wheat a month from Canada have now been increased to 30,000 tons of foodstuffs. Dried vegetables, fish products, milk, soup powder, high protein spaghetti, and vegetable-stew mix are sent from this country. Our State Department is satisfied that Germans have not profited by any of the operations. They have sent in compensatory shipments to replace native produce used by their forces.

Germany, we may be sure, would not forego requisitioning French food-stuffs nor give a neutral commission the same control in western countries that she has in Greece, where food production is negligible and pestilence has threatened the occupying force. Germany might, however, agree not to increase her requisitions and not to touch the supplies.

If, to take the blackest view, the Germans broke their agreement and confiscated the relief food, a single month's supply, all that would be stored at any one time, would provide the entire nation with only one meal. While the ton-

nage that is asked would be of so little value to the Germans, it would suffice, Dr. Kershner estimates, as a supplementary daily ration, to prevent further deterioration in the health of 10 million children and mothers.

It is conceded that the neutral commission could control the distribution in the canteens. But it is argued that the Germans would so manipulate the basic rations as to obtain an indirect benefit from the extra food imported. But this would be known immediately through Underground channels and relief operations would be stopped.

This is the sole risk we would run. It should be weighed against the saving of millions of children of our allies.

"One way by which we can defeat Hitler is to keep him from carrying out his purpose of destroying the freedom-loving peoples of Europe," Dr. Kershner said in testifying before the Senate subcommittee. "Hitler's proud boast that the Germans are a superior race is coming true. People who eat are indeed superior to those who starve."

"If we allow the people of the western-European democracies to perish, our boys will fight the next war alone. The people who would have helped us will not have been born or will be too feeble to be effective."



The really rare distinguishing mark of Monsignor Knox's translation of the Bible is that, unlike most Bibles and Testaments, this one has on it, "Printed for Private Circulation Only." I suppose years hence copies of it will be produced to prove how even in the 20th century the Church was busily engaged in keeping the Scriptures away from the general public.

Douglas Woodruff in the London *Tablet* (15 April '44).

Circus Chaplain

By Pfc. BOB ENSWORTH

Condensed from the *Queen's Work**

Spotlights cut through the dome of Boston Garden, drums rolled, and the girl spun from her trapeze in a heel-to-toe stunt. She flew through the air with the greatest of ease—and missed!

Little Fritz Bartoni plunged 50 feet to the cement floor, and fellow performers rushed her to a near-by hospital. For weeks she lay near death, her body horribly fractured. Yet today the tiny trouper is once again a first lady of the Flyers—thanks to faith and Father Edward S. Sullivan, official chaplain to all circusdom.

Fritz claims she owes her career to Father Ed. On her first American tour, she spoke little English and had no close friends in the States. Hospitalized for months, she nearly succumbed to loneliness, but the kindly priest talked her into full recovery.

To thousands in Sawdustland, Father Ed is known for his lifetime of service to circus folk.

A big-show boss man tells of the time when a circus train was at a standstill in a rainstorm. Washouts ahead threatened disaster, and as he walked the tracks hunting danger signs he heard voices in the Pullmans. Investigation proved that large groups of chorines and clowns were fervently reciting Rosaries and other prayers. Father has distributed some 3,000 medals of our

They pray and play

Lady to circus stars and roustabouts.

A hundred times a season the colorful priest leaves St. Peter's church in Cambridge to spend his time in Backyard, behind the scenes with the circus. It is his hobby and his work.

For two decades Father Ed has been proving to himself and to circusgoing children of all ages that the people of Clownville and Backyard are not hard, unchristianlike gypsies. Almost weekly he lectures to sodalities, boys' clubs, Rotary and other gatherings, augmenting film and colored circus slides with true stories about religion, not superstition, in and over the center ring.

"There is Paul Horompo, hardly more than three feet of midget clown," Father Ed smilingly relates, "for 20 years a Barnum attraction. In all those tours his globe-trotting valise has held its wigs, sticks of white make-up, and funny fake noses. Yet always in one corner is the Lilliputian's much Tom-thumbed Bible, a prized early edition from his native Belgium, appropriately miniature, like its owner.

"Ask Paul when he prayed the hardest and he tells you it was the minute before he became chief bill of fare for Lady, a man-eating and midget-eating tiger. Not many seasons ago in Madison Square Garden a vicious Bengal tiger made its escape while on the way through the chutes into the steel-ring

arena. Rounding a corner, little Paul was the first unfortunate to face the snarling beast.

"The pint-sized comic was portraying Sneezy, one of the Seven Dwarfs, on his way to the mines. Paul's prop for the walk-around gag was a light pickax. As Lady prepared to spring, the midget quickly felt contrition for any minute sins and with a clear conscience swung his wooden ax at the crouched cat. Lady was stunned, or surprised, by the midget's muscle, no one knows which, and minutes later attendants netted the straying tiger Frank Buck style. The entrance to boxes of unsuspecting patrons was only 30 feet away, and for preventing a panic, diminutive Paul became the unsung hero of Backyard.

"It wasn't long after that when Paul came for one of my blessed Mary medals."

For ten years Father had been unofficially visiting big-show personnel on the lot. Then in 1940 the Circus Fans of America, a national organization of ardent circus hobbyists, stepped front and center. They petitioned William Cardinal O'Connell of Boston to name Father Sullivan chief chaplain of their club.

Impressed by a roster, including fans like Al Smith, movie-producer Mervyn Leroy, the distinguished English actor Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and a thousand others, permission was granted. Elected a CFA officer, Father Ed's efforts in behalf of Christians under canvas have become legendary, especially his work among the harlequins.

The priest's staunchest disciples are the Joeys, or white-faced wits. You'll invariably discover him in the clowns' dressing tent, maybe bringing condolences to distraught Felix Adler, who is in mourning for his pet pig! More often the circus cleric is giving spiritual comfort to some clown with serious troubles. Many a real-life Pagliacci has been inspired to carry on, to go out on the hippodrome as a fool, while inside his heart was shattered by that dreaded news of Private Joey, Jr., overseas. Any one who makes people laugh these days deserves a helping hand over rough spots.

Heartfelt confessions, even of fear, are made by big-show daredevils to their churchman. "The bareback-riding Christians are one family that always turn to faith before attempting dangerous new leaps," Father Ed reveals. "About to answer a fanfare cue for a risky horse-to-horse somersault inside, old Papa Christiani sometimes calls his dozen-strong clan to him near their red and yellow, sunburst-wheel wagon. His spangled unit then drowns out the steaming calliope, religiously singing *Ave Maria* right outside the performers' entrance."

To deal with followers under laced-cloth tops instead of ornate, stained-glass cathedrals takes added tact and diplomacy. Miss Martha, the fat lady, wants to marry Slim Jim, the thin man, and they seek your counsel. Give advice, direct them to their home-town priests in winter quarters, and remember to call the couple human oddities, not freaks.

Father Sullivan is a success as God's ambassador to Tentland only because the circus has been his lifelong love, ever since he became a wild-animal keeper at 14. All the summers of his youth were spent working for John T. Benson, importer of jungle beasts. Benson housed his herds of elephants, lions, snakes, and other savage cargo on a New Jersey pier and later at a unique, many-acre farm in Nashua, N. H., an hour's train ride from Cambridge.

When he entered a seminary shortly after the first World War, young Edward Sullivan, as Benson's chief assistant, was already acquainted with circus and zoo people who came to the animal farm. Ordained in 1924, Father Sullivan never lost interest in his childhood friends, animals and owners.

Though a severe injury kept him off the lot for years, in the early 30's he was in Backyard again. His intimate knowledge of customs, language, and mode of life has kept him a favorite there. It has frequently had humorous results.

Once a mistaken prop man almost hurried him into the ring as the comic preacher for the clown wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Gargantua. One other time a nearsighted press photographer mistook his garb for a novel new Joey get-up and nearly reached his city editor with exclusive pictures before fellow Circus Fans proved Father Ed was only a visitor.

Wherever they build their "alley" out of costume crates and prop boxes, the funsters find him. Last season alone

he "caught the Big One" (Ringling Brothers) 20 times in New York and throughout New England. But he also chalked up stops with Hunt's Three-Ring Circus, Hamid-Morton, Wallace Brothers, Russell Brothers, *ad infinitum*.

Sure, the CFA chaplain has heard a bull-man blast out at an unruly elephant with language designed to penetrate even the pachyderm's thick hide. But no group of 1,600 or more persons is perfect. Father Ed points to the fine overall religious record of his famous followers. On the Ringling show alone 24 Allied and enemy nationalities work and entertain without friction, examples, perhaps, to the whole world.

"My goal," says Father Sullivan, "is to bring the Church to thousands in circuses who continually ask its help. But I'm also trying to show everyone a true picture of those traveling entertainers.

"Trouping with the Greatest Show on Earth is not an artificial life, as in some theatricals. There has yet to be a major scandal involving a circus performer. Why? Because circuses are made from family units, children raised in healthful, outdoor surroundings, talents handed down from father to son. Their lives are cleaner than most, for to become a star means rigid physical training, practice, and self-sacrifice.

"That holds in every case. I've seen it work from wardrobe-trunk cradle-time till the Great Ringmaster calls. Theirs is an amusement profession begun in Caesar's day, and they proudly perform in the only field of entertain-

ment which has never needed a censor."

That's Father Ed's message to kids from six to 60. This spring, before the long Ringling-red, Barnum-blue trains would move from winter quarters in Florida, all personnel, animals, equipment, and train crews were blessed with the full ritual of the Catholic Church. Father Charles Elslander, pastor of St. Martha's in Sarasota, conducted the annual hour-and-a-half rite.

Though for the better part of 365

days a year they "fold their tents like the Arabs and silently steal away," these troupers are fully conscious of Christ, wherever they go. And the great circus family "got religion," thanks largely to a Catholic chaplain who literally walked into the lion's den. Ask anyone in Tentland about the Cambridge priest and he'll tell you: "He's center ring with us!" To everyone in the realm of sawdust, peanuts, and pink lemonade Father Ed is tops under the Big Top!



Snake Steak With Relish

By WILLIS KNAPP JONES

Condensed from the *Inter-American**

What little boys are made of
I can be sure of an increased audience when I tell about eating boa-constrictor steak in Bolivia, but it is hard to hold attention describing the delicious, gigantic melons I enjoyed in Chile. We eat melons at home.

However, such concentration on the bizarre in foods gives a very wrong impression. Snake steak is not a delicacy throughout all Latin America. And more snake meat is probably sold in cans and nibbled at gingerly in our swankier restaurants than is eaten in all Bolivia and Brazil combined. But the average North American, ignorant of the Florida rattlesnake trade, shud-

ders at the thought of food those "queer" Latins serve.

One Chilean took back the report that people in the U. S. eat raw goldfish. True, a few students at the North American university he attended did swallow some goldfish, for publicity. But the traveler's generalization gave the impression that the average North American sees no great anatomical difference between goldfish and, for instance, sardines.

Perhaps there isn't, except in name, but what prejudices names build up! Much of their reputation for queerness derives from the fact that Latins eat

*1200 National Press Bldg., Washington, 4, D. C. May, 1944.

things about which we are squeamish, frequently because we have never tried them or because the names aren't attractive. For a long time, fish canneries tried to sell horse mackerel to North American salmon eaters but not until they rechristened it tuna did it reach U.S. tables.

Names make a difference in Latin America, too. The dinner menu of a small hotel in Huancayo, Peru, included *conejo del techo*. I knew that *conejo* meant *rabbit*. *Techo* is Spanish for *roof*. "Roof rabbits" were a native variety, I figured, on the roof of the Andes. So I ordered that dish and was agreeably surprised at the taste, so much so that I complimented the waiter and asked about the animals. "*Gato* (cat), *señor*."

When I tell about it, most persons—who have a prejudice against cat meat, though they find rabbit delicious—reason that if they went to Peru they would be confronted everywhere with roast cat. Unfortunately for them, they wouldn't. I never found cat served at any other hotel in Latin America, although I liked the sample well enough to look for it again. Now I know why the Chinese esteem roast puppy dog.

There are two kinds of gourmets among North Americans who visit South America: the kind that hunt for food just like that at home, and those who want to sample "native" dishes and discover why and how they were developed.

We say Mexicans spice their dishes so much that their taste buds become too paralyzed to savor the food. But

diet experts have found vitamins in chili which make it possible for the poor peons to remain healthy on their monotonous diet of *tortillas*, beans, and chili. We have no such dietary excuse for adding sugar or salt to melons, for disguising the flavor of coffee with cream and sugar, or—worst of all in the eyes of visiting South Americans—for mixing sweets and sour in one hodgepodge and calling it salad.

Mexicans never serve sweet salads. In their eyes, fruits should be used for desserts. Nor do they sweeten vegetables. They raise their eyebrows at our candied sweet potatoes; back of this custom is their unwillingness to mix unlike things. Perhaps your tourist friend came back with reports of a ten or fifteen-course dinner. That was so, but he did not tell you the whole truth. None of the courses was like our "main course." The salad came as one course, the meat another, and a third might have been a cracker with a bit of jelly.

The Latin Americans take time to dine. An ordinary dinner may last an hour, and at a banquet they expect to toy with their food several hours before the speechmaking.

Now for a glance at some of those "gruesome" foods.

The early Spaniards learned from the Mexican Indians of a dish called *ahuaule*, made of eggs which the *axayacatl* flies deposit on rushes in the waters around Mexico City. Before you turn up your nose at this delicacy, think what price caviar brings.

The poor of Mexico discovered, and the gourmets capitalized on, the mag-

uey worm, about the size of one's finger, which are best when toasted in a pan. If you didn't know what you were eating, I'd guarantee you would like their buttery taste.

Paraguayan Indians collect parasol ants and compress them into a cake, which is cooked in turtle oil. Friends tell me the heads are greasy when raw, but in the roasted cakes they taste like bacon. Some Paraguayan scientists assign to this food the freedom from rheumatism and arthritis among the Chaco dwellers. Since formic acid, originally obtained from ants, is a remedy used in this country, there may be something in this claim. After all, we choke down spinach because of its medicinal value.

One Mexican delicacy is *nopalito con huevos*. The cook peels the thorns off young flat cactus leaves, dices what is left, and cooks it with scrambled eggs. The nopal cactus is widespread in Mexico, since it grows with a minimum of water. Besides, the grubs in the plants furnish food for the hens which provide the rest of this delicious main dish of a meal. Efficiency, I call it.

The Bible tells of how John the Baptist and the Prodigal Son lived on locusts. You may have visualized them, as I did, munching the whirring, leathery-looking interrupters of a quiet summer evening. Not till I got to South America did I discover that the same locusts are a common food down there. But they are not insects. They are the seed pod of the Carob or locust tree, the same beans sold on New York's lower East Side as St. John's bread.

Latin Americans eat other seeds, too. Cracking and extracting the seeds of Mexican squash are the occupation of many a long winter evening, but the weary work (of the servants) is forgotten when you pour a sauce made of the squash seed over some already delicious dish.

Adequate discussion of the Mexican *tortilla* would require an article in itself. This corn pancake is one of man's smartest inventions. Besides serving as a plate, it may become the lower crust of *enchilladas* or *papazul* (when rolled around hard-boiled eggs and garnished with squash-seed sauce) or as a spoon which can scoop up gravy and be eaten afterward to save the trouble of washing the silverware.

Another example of the efficient use of things may be found in the desserts so popular in the "bulge" of Brazil. Pernambuco and Baía became, after 1530 and during the 17th century, the world's sugar bowl. When sugar in drugstores of England and Italy sold by the ounce at fabulous sums, the owners of Brazil's sugar *ingenhos* were growing rich from sugar-cane juice. Their women were at the same time growing fat and having a great deal of dental trouble because they used so much of the sugar in a wide variety of desserts to top off an already heavy meal. Gilberto Freyre, Brazilian sociologist, has published a cookbook of recipes using sugar, bananas, tapioca, coconut, and other local products. The names alone make one's mouth water: divine cookies, husband-fattener, ribbons of love, dreams of heaven, and my

favorite, *pudim quero mais* ("I-want-more" pudding).

Much has been written in praise of the delicious beefsteaks of Buenos Aires, but for local color one should share an *asado* or barbecue on some *estancia* in the Argentine or Uruguayan "camp." A half of beef hangs from an inclined iron rod over a bonfire which flickers and hisses as the drops of fat fall from the meat. The beef is turned occasionally till broiled. Then the visitor discovers one use for the long knives carried by every cowboy on the River Plate. Each guest receives a portion of meat large enough to bankrupt a ration book at home. He sinks his teeth into the delicious beef and slices off a mouthful by passing his sharp knife close to his lips.

The *gauchos* have a custom of washing down their meat with the famous drink of the *pampas*, *yerba maté*, or Paraguay tea, sucked from a gourd through a silver straw. "Quaint," the tourists call it, and marvel when statistics show that Paraguayans consume an average of 34 pounds annually while 45 pounds a person are used in the *maté* sections of Brazil. Let no Yankee dietician worry lest this unbalanced fare of meat, bread, and *maté* might cause vitamin deficiency. For scientists have found that *maté* is rich in sub-

stances otherwise obtained from vegetables.

As rapidly as possible we are adding to our North American table our southern neighbors' choicest products. But some barriers still remain. Selfish rivalries have prevented most of us from knowing about such Cuban products as *malanga blanca* and *amarilla* (a kind of sweet potato). Only after much red tape can the delicious *mamey* fruit enter the U. S. Of the seven chief species of bananas in Cuba, just one is permitted entry here. Only by going to Havana can we sample the tiny "seven-in-the-mouth" variety. But we do get their guava (chiefly in jelly), their avocados to compete with California's *cavavos*, and an increasing number of other foods not only from the Caribbean, but from the vineyards of Argentina and the apple orchards of Chile. We get lentils, mangos, *paltas*, and *garbanzos*, and a shipment of Paraguayan bananas recently reached our armed forces in the Arctic.

Traffic is also proceeding in the other direction. North American cake and pie (for which the Spanish language lacks names) are delighting South American epicures. In a German hotel on the Chilean lakes, I saw a New Englander accomplish the miracle of getting apple pie for breakfast.



We are afraid that heaven is a bribe and that, if we make it our goal, we shall no longer be disinterested. It is not so. Heaven offers nothing that a mercenary soul can desire. It is safe to tell the pure in heart that they shall see God, for only the pure in heart want to.

From *The Problem of Pain* by C. S. Lewis (Macmillan, 1944).

Mother Carey's Chickens

They walk on the water

By JOSEPH BLUETT, S.J.

Condensed from the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart**

You are an American serviceman aboard a transport. The gulls which flew around your ship in coastal waters have long since abandoned you. But out in the great silent wastes of ocean appears a flock of incredible little long-winged gulls, screaming at you from the rigging, making you smile with their hop-skip-and-jump antics on the waves, climbing and floating and diving in the air with the lithe grace of poetry. And then one morning you look along the bright path of the rising sun's reflection, and find that the sky is empty again. Land is now only a few days over the horizon.

If the man who leaned beside you at the ship's rail was something of an ornithologist, he told you those untamed little wanderers of the world's mid-oceans were petrels. But did he tell you where they got that name? Watch them closely. One of them swoops down to the waves. With his wings still fluttering, he slides along, patting the water with his webbed feet as he goes. Then, *swish*, he is down out of sight as he dives under the water, to emerge farther on and soar away.

That's how he got his name (from the French *pétrel*, which means "little Peter"). There was Peter's adventure, the running on the water and the sinking and the rising, acted out in the antics of the little bird. The naming of

the bird reminds us the faith has that way of making men capable of joyous laughter even in the midst of danger.

But if the man at the ship's rail beside you spoke the language of the sea and of those who love the sea, he would tell you that these birds are "Mother Carey's chickens." For that is their even more interesting name among all those who sail the trade routes.

How many maritime travelers have heard that name, in more recent years, and never knew who "Mother Carey" was! Mother Carey is none other than the blessed Virgin, the anglicizing of the Latin *Mater Cara* (Mother Dear), to whom sailors sang when Europe's men of the sea were all Catholics, when the blessed Mother of God was as close to every seafaring man as the spray that glinted in the sun around him. And these little birds, winging their wild, beautiful ways over the vast wastes of the sea—no wonder they were able to ride out the blackest, wildest storms, for they were "her chickens" and she had care of them!

The French still call the little birds "*les oiseaux de Notre Dame*," which means "the birds of our Lady." The tameless little wanderers are oceanic birds which only once a year fly to land from their mid-Atlantic wilderness of waves. That is at their egg-laying time, when the female chooses a hole in some

bank along the coast of Greenland, Labrador or the British Isles, and there lays one white egg. When the hatching is over, off they go to another year of nomad life over the mid-ocean deeps.

Many young Americans who would never, in more peaceful times, have come to know Mother Carey's chickens are now making their acquaintance. In that name they can hear the voice of other seafaring men reminding them, across the centuries, of her who is "our tainted nature's solitary boast, purer than foam on central ocean tossed," and who is still today, as in centuries gone by, mankind's Star of the Sea. And in her eyes, as in her Son's, they

are of more value than many sparrows, or many petrels!

"The little Peters": name that stirs such long, long thoughts! "Lord, save me, I perish!" was the cry that rang from Peter's lips when, in the midst of the stormy seas, he began to sink. And Jesus came to him across the storm. Christ is still standing over the deeps.

Sometimes worse does come to worst; the good God, in His inscrutable providence, allows the violence to have its way. When that happens, the little petrel is still a reminder to the sailor to look in his last hour for our Lord, coming walking to him on the waters.



Example

Father Joseph Regan, Maryknoll missionary in Lai^{po}, South China, preached an inspiring sermon on the duty and privilege of supporting the parish church. After services, the people were getting ready to leave the church, all obviously deep in thought after the magnificent sermon, when the priest's washerwoman, whose name was San Sao, arose from her pew and advanced toward the sanctuary.

Everybody paused to watch her. She advanced to the altar rail, and, within full view, took out \$2 and placed it on the rail. Magnetized, others followed suit, walked to the front of the church and placed money on the rail. Father Regan watched in amazement. The informal collection mounted to \$10.30.

The next day the priest approached San Sao as she was bent over the tub, soapily immersed in the weekly laundry. He thanked her heartily for her generous donation, and for the laudable custom she had instituted.

"Oh, that was no contribution," exclaimed the surprised woman. "That was only \$2 which I found in your pockets last week while doing the wash."

Mexico Speaks

At the dry grass roots

By GUIDO ROSA

Condensed from the book*

The air is soft as washed silk and bright as mountain snow, and there is much excitement in Tehuacan. Men and women pad softly but quickly, loaded with the multitude of things that must be assembled for the fiesta. I walk to the toy stand where the merchant is finishing his arrangement of clay animals. He greets me, and I mention that I have been told the brother of the President of the republic lives in Tehuacan.

"Yes. His home is only a few squares from here. If you wish I can send a boy to show you."

"No, thank you; at present I am more interested in you. What do you think of your President?"

He ponders a moment. "Because of these upset times, Avila Camacho must struggle merely to keep Mexico above water. But he seems to be a sincere man, perhaps a little conservative. I can say one thing for him: even though he does not attend church himself, he stands up for freedom of worship. And that is good, for we are a people who have certain spiritual needs which can be satisfied only by religious freedom."

He blows into a toy whistle, to see if its air passage is clear. "The intentions of our government are good. We now have many of the right laws that will help the people. It only remains for those who always obstruct to get out

of the way." His eyes flash. "All those little politicians who would make themselves big at our expense!"

He blows a little tune on the whistle to calm himself. "But we can take care of them, now that we know our votes contain power!" He urges me to use the shade of his awning, and continues less angrily, "One cannot deny that there has been much progress. Today, even the worst of the politicians have some regard for the common benefit. To appreciate this, one must know what bad things were done in the old days."

"Could not the government recover unlawful profits?"

"Recover loot from politicians? Can you recover a lump of butter from a dog's mouth?" He stops.

"Please go on."

"I can remember when the change for the Indian became strong—when Lazaro Cárdenas followed Calles as President.

"What a difference between those two men! Calles, the millionaire aristocrat. Cárdenas, the simple Indian. Calles thought that he could remain the supreme chief behind the President, holding the strings, but Cárdenas fooled him! He began to give land to the Indians. He started building schools—"

The man is suddenly ashamed of his enthusiasm, "I have not talked so

*1944. The John Day Co., New York City, 17. 250 pp. \$3.

much since my young days when I was the announcer with a circus." He pulls out a small chair for me. "You must tell me about your country. From the radio and the newspaper I try to learn as much as I can, but I feel that I know very little."

I express satisfaction that the countries of our hemisphere realize at last that we must all hold together. The man agrees. "Your President has said that the U. S. needs Mexico also. That is good talk; honesty we like." He frowns. "The old days held another policy. It was not so long ago that the U. S. bombarded Vera Cruz, or that your Army ran over Mexican territory after Pancho Villa." A smile appears. "And perhaps we have not been too smart either. But when necessity is the teacher, we all learn."

In Puebla I look in at the cathedral where a few country people sit in quiet contemplation of the soothingly harmonious architecture, or with closed eyes look inward at their spiritual selves. An old man makes his way on his knees up to the altar.

At the foot of a pillar, on the stone floor, a mother sits nursing her baby. Near the doorway, a young priest leads a group of clean-scrubbed peasants. I move toward them as a man's voice echoes loud above the scuffling of sandal soles on stone. "I have prayed much, padre, but the good God He does not listen to me."

The padre stops; the group watches his face eagerly. "It is prayer and work together that help. We must pray as

though no work could help, and work as though no prayer could help. Doing this, every man finds before his own door a part of heaven." He comes upon and lifts the old man whose knees are scraping stone. "Walk to the altar. Pray there with your heart, not with your knees." The old man is confused. He takes a few steps, then sinks to his knees again.

The group passes the mother and baby. The mother covers herself quickly. He puts her at ease with, "The baby is fortunate, being nursed in a cathedral, for that which is taken in with the mother's milk goes out only with the soul." The mother's smile is happy.

I wander out next morning to the wide fields that surround Tehuacan, my only company sparse corn, cactus, skinny bean plants, and grasshoppers. I have passed three widely separated shacks of cornstalk and thatch, one with smoke coming through the roof, but have seen no man.

The sun is bright, the high air clear, but the dreary poverty of the region presses in on me. A moving speck in the distance becomes a young mestizo driving a high cart with two ribbily agile mules, one between the shafts and one attached outside. I raise my camera, and the young man pulls up. "*Buenos días, señor,*" he calls, then straightens himself into unaccustomed rigidity. "Now!" he says, holding his breath afterward.

He is in no hurry to go on. "Beautiful weather, isn't it?" he asks. "Does Mexico please you?"

I start the automatic reply, but stop, and burst out, "I wish that there were less poverty—a little more comfort for the people." He considers this, scratching a mule's back with his whip. "I do not understand. Why, *señor*, we have everything that we need here! The climate is mild—in reality it does not even necessitate a roof over the head, yet we have that, too. We have food," he waves at the scraggy beans and corn. "The spring water is the finest in all Mexico—it is sold in the cities at 50 centavos the bottle." He leans over the high wheel of his wagon and tells me, "A man is not poor who has little, but only one who desires much." He looks at the dreary landscape. "One could wish, it is true, for a little lift to the spirit."

He leaps from the wagon. "It is in my heart to tell you something, and men can talk better at the same level. We peasants are now saying our little part about the way we shall be governed. This fills a deep desire, that a man shall feel himself equal to the other. I do not mean by this that I expect to be rich next year. That is not the important matter. The great thing is to see this change from the time of our fathers. Those poor ones so pressed down in spirit that if it were not for their courage, their hearts would have been split in pieces."

Beside the station, in the white-hot sun, a clean Indian woman stands under a flour-bag awning, awaiting customers for her short, fat, yellow bananas called dominicos. Business isn't

good, but she is unperturbed; she simply stands in the 100° heat, and waits. Wondering how she has managed to keep them at their perfect golden-yellow stage, I break off two of the bananas for a trial purchase. I ask the price.

"Five centavos (one cent) for five bananas, *señor*," she says gravely. I take the two bananas and give her five centavos, telling her to keep the fractional change. Immediately she is flustered out of her usual calm. "No, no, *señor*," she explains earnestly, "it is not just. You must take five for five centavos."

In a vacated seat, the train conductor rests with feet propped on the window ledge, smoking a rank cigar. We recognize him as the conductor because of his hat of woven straw, loaded with gold braid. The lettering on the large brass sign across its front says "Director."

For nearly three hours the rural conductor talks. Part of the time he stands in the little aisle to allow himself space for frequent and large gestures. We learn what it is to work on the tracks in Texas: the stink of the heavy creosoted ties that one hauls about in the burning sun; the all-day swinging of the big sledge hammer to spike the rails into place, while the perspiration runs into one's shoes. The crushed-stone roadbed and the steel rails that soak in all the sun's heat, then combine to throw it back at you. The foreman, forever speeding up, so that sometimes one feels like killing him. The sleeping in red-hot boxcars, the canned food,

the cramps in the stomach, and the longing for one's family.

And of these times we go through now: They are bad, because there is but little place for music, and friendly gatherings. And there is much hate in the air. But through it all we must never forget that only in peace can men live as God intended. And the other is all waste—true, a necessary waste at this time. The side that can waste the most makes the war shorter.

He leans over our seat and asks us with fervor not to believe those things which we may hear—that Mexico allows the Germans and others to plot against the U. S. Mexicans love their country too much for any such thing. They want Mexico to remain Mexico, and not step (he imitates for us the German goose step) behind Hitler!

My friend and I obtain a battered taxi and bump toward the villages far out of Oaxaca, where the famous serape blankets are made. In their doorways, industrious Indians spin the wool, dye and weave it—with help of any tool more modern than those of biblical times. At length an ox-cart ahead pulls out to a wider spot in the road; its driver jumps down and apologizes for delaying us. We chat. He speaks of the serapes made here. I ask him why a few simple mechanical helps couldn't be introduced to save at least the more wearying labor. He replies, "You do not realize, *señor*, how poor we are. For certain, we should like improvements. We desire them with all our hearts!" He pushes back his straw som-

brero. "But he who cannot have what he would like, should like what he can have." He laughs, but there is bitterness in his laugh.

"Why, with only a few facilities, such as I am told are common in the cities, we could be as happy as a child on a carousel, and healthy as well." He looks up at me. "You will think to yourself, 'This is a bitter man.' But no. It is only that I want life to be better. I say persons should not die in the full of youth, like my 20-year-old sister who was taken by fever."

At the side of our arcade is a long concrete *lavandería* where the women come to wash their clothes. Six brown women slap white linen with vigor in the running water, talking volubly. Apropos of a disillusioned statement by one of the women, another is saying that love takes away the sight, and matrimony restores it. She seems to feel the matter intensely. Then, answering even more specifically the first woman's complaint, she continues, "From a man who is angry, withdraw a little; from him that says nothing, withdraw forever." She mauls her clothes savagely.

A hearty old woman, her face wrinkled with laughter, says, "Why do you not leave him, Inez?"

Juan smiles at the women, as each takes up the protest begun by Inez, and his comment is that when one sheep bleats, the whole pen is thirsty.

Inez says with intensity that when God wants to punish a woman He gives her thoughts of marriage. And if He wishes to punish her doubly, He

marries her to a widower. Then in truth is she lost!

A sixth, really a girl, smiles companionably at the old one who defends marriage. "Rafael and I have been wedded more than six months, and I do not regret one moment." Her eyes shine with moisture. "Even when the man becomes angry, one must remember that he who loves most chastises most."

The one who supports Inez breaks in to say that Rosalia can well talk; coffee and love are best while hot. Love sees only roses without thorns, but wait. How long does she suppose that the opening flower can hold its bloom?

The old woman has piled her washed clothes into her back-basket. She stands and surveys the group. As she adjusts the arm loops and prepares to go home, she says, "Just the same, it's a lonesome washing that has not a man's shirt in it! *Adios*—Inez, Dolores, Sancha, Concha—" She smiles a special smile, "*Adios*, Rosalia."

Dawn had been as brief as the momentary repose of a dragonfly; light, as sharp as frost, had burst over the mountain. Some eight miles out of Cuautla we begin to notice peasants in fresh Sunday dress coming from by-paths into the road. They are all headed in the same direction, and presently we come upon their destination, the church of a large village. The peasants meet and greet in the church plaza.

Merchants arrange themselves and their temporary stands as near as possible to the church door, and wait. I

ask the man who sells bright scarves, "What's new in the village?" He answers that they are all very proud of the new water supply, which has transformed their lives. In addition to removing the danger of goiter, which is common in the village, it makes them feel up to date.

The good life, he says, is not merely being alive, but being well. And when a man loses his health, his strength is lost not only to himself, but to the community. The Public Health, he says, has informed them of these things, and points out that the passing sweets boy is now compelled to have a glass-covered case, to keep flies off the candies. The boy circulates among the chattering congregation, calling, "*Dulces!*"

The greater number of the congregation walk barefoot. Some wear sandals soled with the remains of U. S. automobile tires; a sandal repairer tells me that there has already developed a scarcity of this valuable material. Some of the people have come on burros. The animals are tied anywhere that is convenient, to a purple bougainvillea vine outside the church wall, the burro blocking the sidewalk; to a tall rose-bush inside the yard; to the large iron ring on the unused side door of the church. Geraniums in his halter, one over each ear, mark the difference between his Sunday and workday.

Suddenly a clangor of bells comes from the church tower. Each bell is operated on the spot by a man intent on producing as much sound as possible. Not satisfied with rocking his bell back and forth, one of the men

tumbles it around on its axis in a complete circle. It is more dramatic that way, and greatly pleases the boys who watch from the street. The bell begins to entice the congregation through the open door of the church. Vendors of frijoles heat their beans for the after-service rush, and a public letter writer sets up his little table with antique typewriter; then lights a cigarette.

The congregation is all inside the church; the men in the tower stop the bells abruptly. The candy boy follows the last worshiper inside, sets his showcase in a corner of the vestibule, disappears into the church.

In the narrow street of the sunburned village about half way to Chilpancingo we come upon the funeral of a young child.

The funeral is not at all sad. Four men, friends of the family, carry the flower-piled little white coffin on their shoulders through the village. About 30 relatives and friends follow. As the little group passes, woman villagers say from their doorways, "She is God's now," and make the sign of the cross.

The cortège proceeds past the last straggling houses of the village, moves slowly out through open fields along the road deep with ruts of dried mud. Patiently, the bearers keep the coffin in balance. The group behind, accommodating itself to the condition of the road, flows into single file. The sun blazes down. The mother of the child walks alone beside the coffin and a kind of radiance comes from her—it is clear that she shares the Mexican vil-

lagers' belief that in losing a child one makes a gift to heaven.

About a mile and a half outside the village, the men enter the arched stucco-and-iron gateway of the tiny cemetery, the family dog trailing behind. In the pathway between graves two pigs are asleep. No one disturbs them.

I stand on the road, which gives a view over the low walls into the churchyard. Others have stopped, mostly villagers market-bound with loaded burros. I hear bits of talk: "When death is there, dying is over." "Is it not a beautiful thing when a young child goes to heaven?" "Tonight, they will have the fireworks, and dance. It is good."

I ask a woman near me, "Do you not feel sad when a child dies?" She answers simply, "We do not weep because then the little one would not enter paradise, but would have to come back to gather all the tears."

I learn the address of my deposed-official friend, and we go there. I find him behind the counter of a small grocery store, talking cheerfully with a woman customer who stands holding some packages. He greets me. "This matter of my job has caused me pain. But now I have this business—it is my *amigo* Casimiro of the secondhand store who has found it for me. This is a career which makes me less nervous." The customer leaves.

He invites me to sit on his wide tin-covered counter, and in the smell of chilis, kerosene, and cheese we talk of many things. He laughs easily at his former superior.

"You have had unusual opportunity to observe. Now that you are free to express your opinion, what do you really think of the strength of fascism in Mexico?"

He replies without hesitation: "We have the *Partido Socialista Mexicano*, which has done much work for fascism, though," he smiles, "of late we have heard nothing from it. Formerly, this party was in the habit of telling us to beware of the U. S., that you continue to have imperialistic ambitions. This organization was also pro-Japanese. We had the Gold Shirts, but they have disappeared."

"What of *Sinarquismo*?"

"Though it has not been important politically up to now, it is a movement which cannot be ignored. It is bitterly anti-communist. It claims 700,000 members, and is increasing. Its red-white-and-green flag bearing the map of Mexico is frequently seen at celebrations and in parades, especially in the rural parts of a few states, Jalisco and Michoacan the most important.

"*Sinarquismo* has been accused of opposing Mexico's new compulsory military training, but of this I cannot say anything from personal knowledge. One thing I do know, the people of the small colony of *Sinarquistas* newly established in lower California have wasted no effort agitating, but have worked hard to make the desert produce.

"Some say, and this is disturbing because of the war, that the *Falange* is working to influence *Sinarquismo*. The government is watching develop-

ments with a sharp eye, but it allows freedom to express ideas unless actually dangerous to forwarding the war. As our President has recently said, Mexico is a democratic country and all parties may exist in it. I have heard that he is hoping *Sinarquismo* will become a healthy influence, possibly as an opposition party."

"Tell me frankly: do you believe that the U. S. has imperialistic designs on Mexico?"

"In the past we have had to cry bitterly that Mexico was only a step-mother to us Mexicans. But it is my impression that now your country is sincere. And how necessary now for both our countries that this should be so!"

He relaxes with both arms on the counter. "Some of us even begin to feel that the Americanization of Mexico, which we had feared so much should be encouraged, as long as it means sending us good automobile (when you make them again), and cinema films and radio programs that are interesting. "But," he stands away from the counter and his face is stern, "if it means interference with our effort to govern ourselves, then a different cock begins to crow. We must learn for ourselves what is good for us."

When I leave him: "I am content now; a little independence is to be preferred to everything. My wife says that I am a different man to live with, and she laughs and says that she has had the experience of living with two husbands, with the bother of marrying only one."

The Difference Between Black and White

By SISTER M. VERONA, O.P.

Color chart

Condensed from the *Journal of Religious Instruction**

Teachers in Catholic schools can do much to root out racial prejudice. We Sisters receive children into our classrooms from homes where no formal prejudice is fostered, but where it grows unconsciously through silent innuendos founded on sheer ignorance. Father mimics Joe, the colored boy, who works in his office; Mother laments the fact that Cynthia sits down every time she gets a chance, or that she carried home half of last night's roast. Little Tom, taking everything in, begins to believe colored people aren't as good as white people.

Tom starts to the Catholic school when he is six. There he comes to ignore sepia Hettie Belle and her easy-going brother Charlie, or to treat them with a good-humored contempt. The teacher does nothing to dispel this attitude, which she unconsciously helped to build because she looks upon the colored children in much the same fashion as does young Tom.

We white Catholics, both Religious and lay, sometimes place a color line which keeps the colored among the colored. In theory, we preach love of God and fellow man. In practice, our social ostracism is a direct contradiction of our theory. How can we talk about the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God and at the same time treat Catholic Negroes in such a fashion that

they will remain at home on Sundays rather than attend Mass in a white church?

We Sisters do not actually participate in such ostracism, but we contribute to race prejudice. For example, we are proud of our academies and colleges, but very few colored children attend them. Why? We ourselves do not forbid their coming, but neither do we admit them if we can avoid it. We think prejudiced whites would not patronize our institutions if colored were enrolled; so we gracefully or ungracefully wiggle out of the situation.

The Negro question challenges the intellectual honesty of all Americans, but especially of Catholics. We Sisters must not allow another generation of white children to grow up without giving them some formal knowledge of the colored man. A usable means of presenting this knowledge would be: first, to stress the intolerance of Christ towards injustice; second, to show that the Negro has not been given justice; third, to present in a practical way a working knowledge of the colored race, to show what the Negro has done and is doing in this country to which his ancestors were brought as slaves by our forefathers.

No one ever waged a more bitter war against class consciousness and snobbery than our divine Master. The Gos-

pel stories are full of it. The rich Simon was weighed against penitent Magdalén and found wanting; the Jew was shown up in glaring contrast with the Samaritan; the Pharisee and his phylactery were downed by the Publican praying behind the pillar. The parable of Dives and Lazarus pointedly shows us poor Dives after he had descended and rich Lazarus after he had ascended. Our Lord's actions when talking to the Samaritan woman at the well proved that all discrimination was offensive to him. The story of the ten lepers sounds a note of warning for us: none but the Samaritan returned to give thanks; and the Samaritans were to the Jews what the colored people are to all too many of us.

Our white children must be taught that the Negro is no different from any other man. He eats the same food; reads the same newspapers, listens to the same radio programs, enjoys the same games, loves as sincerely, and is hurt as easily, and as deeply. It is for us to impress upon our students the absurdity of saying such things as, "The Negro can live cheaper than the white man." He cannot: a loaf costs him just as much, and at that the Negro may get stale bread.

We must teach fairly that we have made the Negroes live in shacks; that they are always relegated to the other side of the tracks, regardless of whether they are other-siders or not; that among Negroes, just as whites, some are lazy and inefficient, others alert and energetic.

We can present a practical knowl-

edge of the colored through the subjects we teach: history, literature, religion. In history, we have a field which gives vast opportunity for mentioning the Negro, both in the Old World and in the New. A Negro, Alonzo Pietro, piloted the *Niña*. Pietro proved his worth by not joining in the mutiny, as did the Pinzon brothers, who were the pilots of the other ships. It is said that the sailors of Columbus sang the Salve Regina as they touched the shore of the New World. It isn't difficult to visualize Alonzo Pietro singing that lovely hymn to the Mother of God.

Gandape, a free Negro settlement founded shortly after Jamestown, is the site where the first ships were built on the Atlantic coast. The builders were free Negroes of the settlement. You could not ask for a more interesting subject upon which to build a history project.

Crispus Attuck, a Negro slave, was the first to lose his life for the American white man's freedom in 1776. Tell the story of the man in all its pathetic glory.

When it comes to studying Thomas Jefferson, you are dealing with a man who was accused by his contemporaries of having a "bug" on the subject of Negroes. All colored persons who knew him loved him, and this regardless of the fact that he was a slaveholder. It is told that his colored people would watch from the top of a hill for his return. When they saw his carriage come around the bend in the road, they would run down the hill, unharness the horses and pull the carriage up

the hill themselves. Jefferson petitioned again and again for laws abolishing slavery, but no one listened to him.

The floors in Jefferson's home are among the truly beautiful things that America has carried over from colonial days. They were laid by Negro hands, and their workmanship cannot be excelled even today. As far back as 1838, petitions were filed in Georgia against preference towards colored contractors, masons, and carpenters, because their skill outclassed white men's.

In our own generation, the kindness of Joe Louis towards his mother wins laurels for him. Boys, of any age or any color, like things square. The fact that Joe is now a noncommissioned officer will make a lasting mark with young Americans. Any baseball fan can tell you Satchelfoot Page can curve a ball around the best of batters. Fats Waller, who died recently, and Henry Armstrong are old friends of people who like swing and jive. I don't suppose any American Negro artist has been made the object of prejudice more often than Marian Anderson. She is quite Christian in her bearing of this unreasonable bias. It would be difficult to find a more humble woman or a finer singer. Paul Robeson and Roland Hays are Negro singers whose golden voices will bring glory to America long after whites with petty prejudices are gone.

Those people are not Catholics, but they are outstanding examples of Negro capabilities and perseverance. And do not take *perseverance* lightly. A white man in any endeavor does not

encounter a tenth of the obstacles a colored man knows from stark reality. Some Negroes belong to this new age of ours: they look questioningly at the Catholic religion, which offers much, but which seemingly cannot surmount the color line. They have a right to be cynical about Catholics who are weak in the practice of strong theories.

The Negro poet, Langston Hughes, is of this cynical group. He is a member of Moscow's Chapter of Revolutionary Writers. His poem, *Good-Bye, Christ*, is literally a farewell to the Saviour of the world. He tells in poignant verse that Jesus has outlived His usefulness, and it is now time for Him to be on His way to make room for the gods of Marx and Stalin: so he bids the God-man farewell. If this talented man had had more understanding teachers, would not his gifted mind have been directed towards Christ instead of from Him?

We all know George Washington Carver, but knowing and understanding are different. We can lead our children to realize that the peanut butter we buy in the stores is the direct result of Carver's genius. He refused to apply for a patent on it or on any of numerous other discoveries. The things his knowledge made usable, he wanted everyone to be able to have. His only aim in life was to help his people in every way he could. A biography of Carver, written by Rackham Holt, has recently been published.*

In your classroom you can also use

*Doubleday, Doran, 1943. \$3.50. See CATHOLIC DIGEST, July, 1943, p. 35.

the life of Carver as a comparison with the life of Blessed Martin de Porres. Teaching along these lines will lead you deep into the realms of faith and of grace, and your students will have more than a question-and-answer conception of them both when you have finished. For instance, Carver was unfamiliar with the Catholic Church; Blessed Martin is up for canonization. Carver worked for the good of all people in a material way; Martin did the same but in both material and spiritual ways. Both men entirely disregarded money, fame, and color. Make the point clear that the outstanding scientist and the man near to being proclaimed a saint of America today are both Negroes.

Blessed Martin de Porres was a Dominican lay brother who lived in Lima, Peru, from 1579 to 1639. His father was white, his mother colored. A book of his life, *Lad of Lima*, has been writ-

ten especially for children by Mary Fabyan Windeatt.* Another book well worth using in this education of our white children is the autobiography written by the colored convert, Elizabeth Laura Adams, called *Dark Symphony*.†

It is in this manner that we teachers mold public opinion far more deftly than we realize. This teaching may be termed pioneer teaching; because of the utter unawareness of its great need, little or none of it has been done. However, its unquestionable necessity has been forcibly brought to the front by recent race riots. We teaching Sisters are not remote from all this. We formulate attitudes which control future actions. In the question of race prejudice our duty is clearly set before us. We must inculcate in our white children a Christ-like love for the Negro.

*Sheed, 1942. \$1.75.

†Sheed, 1942. \$2.50. See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Feb., 1944, p. 25.



Say When

With a debate raging furiously over the wisdom or the wickedness of Eire in maintaining her neutrality, leave it to the Irish themselves to inject a bit of humor into the uproar.

A correspondent visiting Dublin reports that he cross-examined an Irishman on the neutrality issue. "Well," countered Pat, "the U. S. itself was neutral for two years, wasn't it?"

"It was," admitted the American.

"And the U. S. didn't fight until it was attacked by Japan?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Well, then," said Pat, "that's how we Irish feel. The minute we're attacked by Japan, begorra, we'll fight!"

The Progressive (29 May '44).

The Challenge of Bernadette

By THOMAS F. WOODLOCK

Condensed from *Columbia**

Who is unreasonable?

Many things must have flashed through Franz Werfel's mind as he wrote *The Song of Bernadette*, but it is probably safe to say that one thing never occurred to him: that was that his book would sell by the hundreds of thousands in America, and that it would stir Hollywood to the production of a motion-picture masterpiece which millions would throng to see. What could have been less probable than that? As a "story" it was not only old, but had been told in the greatest detail many times since Henri Lasserre told it two generations ago. How could he have supposed that it would break upon our American people with all the force of a front-page news sensation?

The time is 1858, the place France, and the tale is of a series of apparitions of the blessed Virgin and what followed them. The extremely significant thing in connection with these apparitions is that our Lady, answering Bernadette's question, said, "I am the Immaculate Conception." It is significant because, in the doctrine which constitutes our Lady's unique distinction and glory among God's creatures on earth, and which the Church had dogmatically defined only a little more than three years previously, is contained the whole story of the fall, the incarnation and the redemption; all are implicit in that dogma and inseparable from it. Thus,

if our Lady did appear to Bernadette and she named herself as Bernadette said she did, we have a fresh, direct and complete revelation of the whole body of Christian truth. If she did not appear then, the story is merely a record of a great illusion. Here we have a clean-cut either-or without a "middle" road that is logically tenable.

The doctrine of our Lady's Immaculate Conception was defined on Dec. 8, 1854. The interesting thing about the definition is the date. For centuries, five at least, before its definition, the Church had permitted an annual feast day honoring our Lady's total exemption from the taint of original sin, and it was kept in most parts of the world. This was, moreover, despite the dispute among the great theologians of the 13th century concerning the doctrine, in which both St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bonaventura had declared themselves in opposition to it, but on strictly "theological" grounds; although none surpassed either of them in their devotion to our Lady herself. The instinct of the "body of the Church" proved right, but it had a long time to wait for its complete vindication. Was this, perhaps, why confirmation of the doctrine by our Lady in person followed so swiftly upon promulgation of the dogma?

There is an interesting parallel to

this in the case of another of our Lady's glories, her Assumption. Since 500 A.D., the feast of the Assumption has been celebrated somewhere in the world, and is today one of the great feasts of the Church. But the doctrine of the Assumption has not yet been formally defined. So far as I know there is no debate within the Church concerning the fact.

Promptly upon our Lady's appearance to Bernadette, followed the series of miracles which has continued to our own day. No one but Bernadette saw "the Lady," but the miracles were seen by thousands, and they began at once, starting with the "spring" itself. It is those which give the Lourdes story its unique and dramatic importance for our time. They constituted a challenge of the sharpest kind to the world of 1858, and constitute the same challenge to the world of today. The world has never yet accepted or met that challenge.

In 1858, positivism dominated the non-Catholic "intelligentsia" not merely in France but in Europe generally, and it was to spread widely and downward in the following years. One of the fundamental dogmas of positivism is: "Miracles are impossible; therefore they do not happen." But from Massabielle came story after story of sensational cures, and at once the French press and the French public woke up to the situation. From the very beginning Lourdes has been under medical scrutiny of the most thorough kind, as all know who are conversant with the record of the *Bureau des Constatations* through the

years. Father McSorley's *Outline of Church History* notes that in the first fifty years following 1858 there were some 4,000 medically authenticated miraculous cures recorded at Lourdes.

Just what constitutes a "miraculous cure" of the kind so recorded? The simplest way to state the answer is to say that a cure is "miraculous" when it is accomplished, either as to kind or manner, contrary to the observed laws of medical science. Such would be the instantaneous recovery of sight by the victim of a completely detached retina or an atrophied optical nerve, the virtually instantaneous healing of a large rodent ulcer or cancer, or the virtually instantaneous knitting of a fractured bone. Instances of such are recorded at Lourdes. There is an abundance of literature on the subject, including the testimony of Dr. Alexis Carrel in his book *Man the Unknown*, published a few years ago. All that I am concerned to note is that the medical record at Lourdes (the medical integrity and competence of those who have conducted it, have not to my knowledge been seriously impugned) contains an abundance of such cases, and has always been open to inspection by any doctor who cared to look at it, and many thousand individual physicians have availed themselves of this opportunity through the years.

Let us glance again at a matter of "time" and "place." The time is 1873 and the place England, where the great discovery of Darwin, "evolution," was absorbing all interest. The great Thomas Henry Huxley was at the height of

his fame as Darwin's prophet, and the equally well-known John Tyndall was about to make his great Belfast Address as president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. That address in 1874 marked the high water of the materialistic tide, when in it Dr. Tyndall declared that he saw in "matter" the "promise and potency" of everything. Never was Thomas Huxley's fame greater than in those days as the apostle of truth, insatiable in its search, and bold in its proclamation. I do not question his sincerity. But here is the record of his contact with the facts of Lourdes. It is taken from the biography of Thomas Huxley by his son Leonard. (Published in New York by Appleton & Co., 1901, two volumes as Volume I, p. 420. The book's title is *Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley.*)

"This summer he again took a long holiday. He went with his old friend Hooker to the Auvergne. Sir Joseph Hooker has very kindly written me a letter from which I give an account of his trip:

"We started on July 2, I loaded with injunctions from his physician as to what his patient was to eat, drink, and avoid. Still, some mental recreation was required to expedite recovery and he found it first by picking up at a bookstall, a History of the Miracles of Lourdes, which were then exciting the religious fervor of France, and the interest of her scientific public. He entered with enthusiasm into the subject, getting together all the treatises upon it, favorable or the reverse, that were

accessible, and I need hardly add, soon arrived at the conclusion that the so-called miracles were in part illusions and for the rest delusions. As it may interest some of your readers what his opinion was in this the early stage of the manifestations, I will give it as he gave it to me. It was the case of two peasant children sent in the hottest month of the year into a hot valley to collect sticks for firewood washed up by a stream, when one of them after stooping down opposite a heat-reverberating rock, was, in rising, attacked with a transient vertigo, under which she saw a figure in white against the rock. This bare fact being reported to the curé of the village, all the rest followed."

Concerning which, all that is necessary to note is that the first appearance of our Lady to Bernadette occurred on Feb. 11, and not in the "hottest" month in the year! There is nothing in Huxley's biography to show that he ever gave Lourdes another thought. Nor, so far as I am aware, did any other British "scientist" of the day. Note that in 1873 there was a pretty abundant literature available on the subject. Many thousands of pilgrims were thronging Lourdes daily. Yet Thomas Huxley's "scientific" curiosity not only had not led him personally to visit Lourdes, but his "study" of the facts as recorded in print had yielded him the above conclusion, in which his friend Hooker concurred! Moreover, the simple fact is that from Huxley's day to the present moment the "scientific world," as a whole, has ignored the challenge that

our Lord offered it for the honor of His Mother. It is that fact that I am concerned to note and emphasize. I submit that it is a fact of the greatest significance.

What is that significance?

It can be only one thing, namely, that modern "science" is still clinging to the dogma: "Miracles are impossible, therefore they do not happen." The irony of this is in the fact that the one thing with which science is not concerned is "possibilities," and the one thing with which it is concerned is "facts." The whole and only question of a miracle is whether it is or is not a fact. A single miracle is sufficient to destroy the dogma: Lourdes has offered "science" hundreds of attested facts which are contrary to the whole experience of medical science. Yet, a few years ago, when Dr. Carrel's *Man the Unknown* appeared, the New York Times published letters from some of his colleagues intimating pretty plainly that Dr. Carrel was a victim of superstition, or had lost his mind! I do not remember reading in their letters anything to indicate either that the writers had ever visited Lourdes or were even acquainted with its story! Lourdes still awaits the verdict of science upon its "record."

Is science afraid of the possible consequences? It should not be, for the very law of its being is truth. It is by its own declared principles bound to seek it wherever it can be found. How can the truth hurt "science"?

Summing up the story of Lourdes as it is presented to our people today, it seems to me that the challenge that it offers to "science," medical "science," is very simple. All that it really says is: "Gentlemen of the medical profession, we should be interested to have your opinion on what has happened and is happening here at Lourdes in your own special field. All the facts are at your disposal, conveniently arranged according to your own methods. All we ask is whether or not you can explain them in the light of your experience and knowledge. We are as anxious for the truth as you are. If you can so explain them, well and good; if you cannot, there is no reason why you should be ashamed to say so. It is important that we should know, and, in all courtesy we say it, we think it is your duty to tell us, for the most tremendous consequences depend upon your answer. Won't you give us that answer? Or if you prefer not to do so, won't you tell us why? Are we unreasonable in this request?"



Absent

It is said there are no atheists in foxholes; there were no communists, either, in the foxholes I visited.

Capt. Clark Gable in an address. N.C.W.C. (14 May '44).

Arrest and Exile

By LILIAN T. MOWRER

People without a nation

Condensed from the book*

Olga Kochanska was inclined to despise Russians, but like the rest of her compatriots, she had never looked upon them as enemies. The only enemy Poland knew was Germany. Indeed, at the first occupation of their country many Poles accepted the official explanation that the Russians had come only to save the White Russian and Ukrainian minorities from the Germans.

Hastily the invaders seized the control of administration; jobs changed hands in a topsy-turvy nightmare. As director of the great Politechnic, the school of technology and the city's pride, the Russians appointed a Red Army sergeant, a student who had not even completed his studies; commissioners appeared at all the schools to censor textbooks and courses; and the faculties of Law, Philosophy, and Theology were suppressed at the University, where an altar to Stalin, with accompanying red lamp, was substituted for a statue of the blessed Virgin.

Though the clergy at first escaped persecution, such heavy taxes were imposed on many of the churches that the diocese could not possibly meet them, so, for "purely administrative reasons," they were closed.

Olga was distraught at the sudden realization of her position. She was an American citizen, cultured daughter of

a Chicago physician, and widow of the great Polish violinist Kochanski. Her home and all she owned were in Warsaw, yet she found herself, without passport, papers, or money, in Soviet-occupied territory. She appealed for permission to leave, sought to regain her American passport, applied for a visa to the U.S.; but endless hours of waiting and inquisition availed her nothing.

The deportations had begun on a small scale, and since the Poles looked on the Russian invasion as something temporary, and as the Russians at first did everything to allay suspicion, no undue alarm was experienced when certain "enemies of the new state" were removed.

But gradually the number of deportees increased, extending to officers, magistrates, civil servants, irrespective of political affiliations. It looked like a systematic dispersal of the Polish population, particularly the more influential and wealthy classes; and as Olga stood on the sidewalk that hot morning at the end of June she realized that the crowds beside her represented a cross section of the town's leading citizens.

Heavy freight trains drew up to the platform from time to time, and a man or woman in uniform read out a long list of names. Those people, clutching their belongings, were bundled into the

*1941. *William Morrow & Co., New York City, 16. 274 pp. \$2.50.*

boxcars, and their trek into the unknown began. The shouting and shoving increased in violence, and with each departure the tide of human misery mounted higher. Whether by design or by carelessness, many families were broken up and sent off in different trains. Olga witnessed the most frantic leave-takings: one mother was carried senseless into the car after being torn from a boy, not more than 12, who was left behind to follow on a later train. There were cries and appeals; last-minute attempts to establish some means of future communication, final frantic redistribution of suitcases and packages. For nobody knew where he was going.

It was this torturing uncertainty that constituted the greatest suffering; the desperate Poles begged to be told where they were being sent, but the Russians either shrugged their shoulders with indifference, or curtly refused to answer such requests.

All night Olga rode, amid shouting and weeping. Day followed day. At last came a grinding of wheels and the crunch of brakes applied abruptly. With a tremendous jerk the train halted, throwing the passengers to the floor, shuddering and quivering like an animal spent by its long exertions. There was a general rush to the doors, men and women beat on the panels, struggling with the locks. When the bolts were drawn and the light of a summer day streamed through the opening the passengers blinked and groped their way warily, remembering the steep step leading to the ground.

They hobbled down, 650 of them, their legs cramped and weakened by close confinement during four days.

This was no Polish landscape. With sinking hearts the passengers realized they were in Russia. It was late in the afternoon when the train stopped at Sosva, a village on the banks of the Sosva river. Three steam barges came plying slowly down the river and fetched up by a little wooden jetty. After a tremendous amount of shouting by the bargees and discussion with those on the shore, the boats were made fast; and the Poles hastily divided into three groups, and told to go aboard.

Late in the afternoon of the third day the barges slackened their speed, and like a breeze through corn ran a whisper that the destination was in sight. Here was no town, not even a village to receive them. In a clearing among the trees four lanes of rough log cabins, about 200, spread out on each side of a stretch of trampled land. A half-ruined sawmill, a few barnlike wooden structures, the blackened skeleton of a burned-out electric-light plant met their gaze.

That was their home, the only sign of human habitation in all that bleak landscape. They could not believe this was where the Russians intended to bring them. They would not listen to the commandant, who strode through the encampment, allotting them their huts: "Here you will live forever." In the distance a gong was sounding. Prisoners were being lined up for roll call. The commandant read the long list of names very slowly, pronouncing

them with difficulty. He was the tall, blond young man who had met them at the river and accompanied the convoy until it reached the camp. Evidently he was responsible for the re-education of his charges, for after the roll call he lectured them concerning their behavior. They were lazy, dirty bourgeois, he assured them, but the Soviet government was offering them the opportunity to reform their ways. "Those who will work, will eat," he promised them, saying nothing of those who were too old or too young to qualify for a meal.

Zimny Gorodok was the name of the camp; it was just a speck on the Sosva river, a left-hand tributary of the mighty waters of the Ob, which empties itself in the Arctic ocean. "Little cold town" is what the name means in the dialect of the district, and Olga remembered the long Siberian winter and shuddered to imagine what the words implied.

Slowly they bent their backs to the stern routine of their prison life. Olga's work became increasingly harder; the overseer seemed to delight in imposing unwelcome tasks.

"And how is the musician today?" he asked her, with mock solicitude, making his unfailing rounds and finding her hoeing a field of potatoes. She had to use all her strength to force the hoe's blunt edge into the hard, caked earth; yet much of her effort was wasted, for the handle wobbled unsteadily with every movement.

"Do you think you could play a violin now—if you had one?" he went on,

trying to arouse her anger. She said nothing, but spread out her hands, with their broken and bleeding nails, before him. "Not that I have any intention of letting you get hold of one," he added, piqued by her silence and her gesture, and strolled off towards the others.

It was always those who feared for others who suffered most. The hardship of the camp was something one could steel himself to bear; but the agony of wondering what had happened to one's loved ones, not even knowing if they were still alive, and sometimes almost praying that death had spared a thousand imagined horrors—that was a form of mental torture that made the strongest quail.

Yet the spectacle of children's sufferings before one's eyes was also not an easy thing to bear. Mrs. Kowalski lived in a cabin with her two daughters and a seventeen-year-old son. They were a cultivated Catholic family, doing their best to adjust themselves to the strenuous Siberian life. The boy was put to hauling planks and heavy timber in the half-deserted sawmill. He ruptured himself lifting loads beyond his strength, and his mother appealed to the camp doctor for a belt or medical bandage to wear when he was at work. That doctor was a *feldsher*, the prisoners declared, a person who might have been better employed looking after curs.

"Take your sheet, woman," he told her; "you can tear that into strips and make a bandage." Her only sheet, the single object she possessed that made

her think she had a bed to lie on!

One of the boy's sisters took on his task while he rested at home a short time, but the work was too strenuous for her and brought on a violent hemorrhage. Her mother was at her wit's end, with two of her children prostrate, though the doctor treated it all lightly enough and could hardly be persuaded to attend the girl. It was a fortnight before she could stand again, and for months she dragged herself around, unable to work at all. Then she had to return to the forced labor again but her frail health could not stand it.

One day the commandant berated the exiles at great length: "You are all so dirty; you keep your cabins in such a disgraceful state. We are not going to tolerate such conditions in the camp any longer. You have to change them."

"If they'd sell us a little soap we might keep cleaner," murmured Olga.

"Or if there were a single scrubbing brush in the whole camp, it would help," added Maria, furiously.

"They just want to humiliate us," insisted Olga, "and prove that they are better than we are. It must give them tremendous satisfaction to be scolding us for something they know we all despise in them."

"And don't imagine you will ever be going back to Poland," he resumed, addressing his audience again. "That country is finished. It will never exist any more; and you had all better begin learning the Russian language, for you will never have a country of your own to go back to."

Ruptures were common. Men and

women suffered alike, for they were too unprepared and ill-equipped for the heavy work; toothache plagued them and most of them lost the fillings from their teeth owing to the insufficient and unbalanced diet; their sight dimmed, and they had headaches; yellow purulent sores broke out everywhere on their skin, yet the grinding round never ceased. Unless they had more than 101° of fever, work was never excused; the *feldsher*, that characteristic Russian institution of half-trained doctor for village practice, was adamant on this score.

Camp life was poisoned by constant little fears at the prospect of punishment for petty offenses; one was never free from a feeling of guilt. The least deviation from the ordered routine meant swift retribution. If discovered, fines, solitary confinement, or exile to the terrible Lejkin or Schabarow barracks would be the offender's lot; yet, when one really decided to break the rules, nothing deterred him.

But whatever else the prisoners held against the Russians, no woman could complain that she was ever molested in camp. Behavior on this score was more than correct.

One day Olga was sorting potatoes. She thrust her numbed, earth-caked hands into her muff and started for the breadline. The chill of the vault had penetrated her bones; even the frosty atmosphere outside was a relief after the dank gloom.

She waited her turn listlessly, too weary to try to push ahead. The line stretched like a shabby snake. On each

side, at regular intervals, and at a distance of three feet from the prisoners, guards, in long coats lined with heavy lamb's wool, stood watching, fur caps pulled low over their ears, feet planted wide apart, revolvers stuck in their holsters.

Someone was coming out of the cook shed, calling to her.

"*Pani Kochanska! Pani Kochanska!*" There was a tremendous commotion around the entrance and several left the line and came running towards her. "It's here!" they shouted, crowding about her. "It's here! Your passport has come!"

"I'd give half my life for an American passport," said one young man. He was a communist, and he and his wife stood staring at Olga as if she belonged to another world. "You don't know how lucky you are."

After interminable delays, Olga made the long trek to Moscow, by sled and truck and rail, and thence to the Pacific and on to America. En route to Moscow her thoughts grew bitter as the

Soviet symbols burned themselves in her mind.

"Just what does Russian 'liberation' mean to the peoples who get it?" she pondered. "If only those who clamor for communism could come and see it in action, on the spot, the grinding daily tyranny, the incompetence and inefficiency, the whole flimsy structure of planned economy applied to verminous, illiterate poverty. And it was through fear of this—this slum clearance," she concluded, with cold, growing anger, "that the world allowed Hitler to grow great!"

To a Russian officer on the train she related some of her experiences and asked why the Soviet regime was deporting so many Poles to Siberia.

"Well, if they are innocent people they'll get out," he stated categorically. "The innocent will go free."

"But think of the awful conditions," objected Olga. "They might die."

The man fixed her with a cold stare. "That's what they're there for," he remarked bluntly.



Progress

The returns from Godless education in the secular schools continue coming in. An investigation revealed that 1,477 of the students in the schools of a New Jersey county possessed firearms ranging from small pistols to rifles. The investigations followed the fatal shooting of a 15-year-old girl by her 16-year-old brother. Boys and girls in a Michigan town formed a society, requiring its members to wipe their feet on the American flag and to stab the Bible with a knife wrapped in purple cloth. The society which those young people organized stands for denial of God and acknowledgment of energy as the supreme power.

John A. Toomey in *America* (27 May '44).

Shepherds of the Black Sheep

Delinquency problem solved

By HYACINTH BLOCKER, O.F.M.

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

Big for 14 and boyish looking, Rose was an incorrigible girl hell-bent on ruin. Her mother was dead, and her father, hankering for whiskey and women, was doing a stretch in the penitentiary. In every boarding school and juvenile home of detention in which the headstrong girl was put, she got into trouble, ending up by smashing a window and bolting for freedom.

The psychiatrist at the Child Guidance Clinic told the juvenile court, "We've tried everything else, why not send her to the Good Shepherd Sisters. Maybe they can do what all of our welfare agencies have failed to accomplish."

One interview with Rose convinced the nuns they had a problem child to cope with, a rebellious, morally unbalanced girl too rapidly maturing into womanhood. But they observed something the psychiatrist had overlooked. The girl was a bombshell of physical energy ready to explode at the slightest provocation. Some outlet was needed for her supercharged vitality.

Wisely, they gave her a pair of new roller skates and opportunity to use them. Then, learning that she liked masculine chores, they let her paint fences and tend an electric washing machine and other equipment in laundry and kitchen.

The tomboy's refractory nature soft-

ened. Occupied with things that interested her, she no longer meditated mischief. Books and school work, which she had detested, opened new vistas. "Gee, Sister," she said to the superior, "I'm glad they sent me here. You folks are swell."

At 19, Rose graduated from high school, a pleasant, attractive young lady. Because of her mechanical wizardry she was placed with a firm specializing in bookkeeping machines and equipment. Her mastery of gadgets made her the company's first repair girl and head of the service department, secure and happy, just one of the more than 200,000 dependent or delinquent and problem girls rehabilitated by the Cincinnati Good Shepherd Sisters, who this year complete their centenary.

The coming of the nuns is a too little known saga of womanly courage and hardihood. In mid-October, 1842, five young nuns, all in their middle 20's, packed carpetbags, bade farewell to their motherhouse in Angers, France, and boarded the white-masted sailing ship *Utica*, bound for New York. Each was a native of a different country, France, Italy, Belgium, Germany, and Ireland, and each had that burning missionary spirit which drives the Catholic Church into all crevices of the world. Their destination was Louisville, Ky., where they had been invited

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, 10, Ohio. June, 1944.

by Bishop Flaget of Bardstown, who had marveled at their salvaging of human derelicts in France on his first and only visit there in 1835.

The Atlantic crossing took 31 perilous days. The sigh of relief the nuns breathed when docking in New York turned into fear at the sullen resentment they met. That era spawned the bigoted Know-Nothings and other rabid groups. Forced, for their own safety, to remove religious habits, they donned secular garb, embarrassed not so much by their hastily bought and ill-fitting clothes as by their close-cropped hair, which made them wince more than once from an amused second look. They traveled to Philadelphia by boat, then overland to Chambersburg, where they boarded the stage to Pittsburgh. A river boat used for hauling passengers and cattle carried them down the Ohio to Louisville. There they were welcomed at the cobblestone wharf by the Sisters of Loretto, who sheltered them.

The nation was painfully emerging from a financial panic; money was tight, and the five *émigrés* from France met apathy and rebuff while soliciting alms for a convent. To complicate matters, Louisville was a hotbed of prejudice, and Know-Nothings scurrilously insulted the nuns on the street. Even after the Sisters had settled on a piece of property and were ready to sign the lease, the owner refused to complete the deal for fear of "arson and vandalism." The final purchase was made through Bishop Flaget's coadjutor. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith supplied the initial funds.

By Sept. 4, 1843, nearly a year after arrival, the Sisters moved into their first convent. It was a modest frame building, hardly more than four sides and a roof. Interior furnishings were lacking, and Catholic friends in the neighborhood brought in food.

Saintly Bishop Flaget celebrated the dedicatory Mass. He had for an altar a rough plank set on two wooden barrels draped with white muslin. The Mass bell was a small drinking glass struck from the inside with a pewter knife. Happily, the vestments and chalice, a gift of Count de Neuville, were those brought by the nuns from France.

Quickly mastering English, the Sisters were soon supporting themselves, and their first orphaned and delinquent girls, by making fancy needlework and baby layettes for the wealthy residents of Louisville.

The Louisville enterprise fared well, though never prosperously, and bishops elsewhere begged the nuns to establish similar homes in their dioceses. Aided by reinforcements from France, the pioneer Kentucky group opened a convent in St. Louis in 1849, and the following year, another in Philadelphia. They started foundations in New York and Cincinnati in 1857.

Like the Louisville venture, the establishment in Cincinnati was humble. Three Sisters arrived from Louisville by boat on Feb. 17 and walked to St. Philomena's rectory, where the pastor, Father Hengehold, gave them a Lenten breakfast of coffee mixed with green tea and slices of heavy black bread. Then he introduced them to Mrs. Sara

Peters, one of the most charitable women ever to live in the Queen City, who became their fairy godmother.

She combed the town, found a frame building, and gave it to the Sisters. Still extant as a museum piece, the cottage has an interesting history, for Mass had been celebrated there by a visiting missionary long before the first Catholic church was erected in Cincinnati, and the Marquis de Lafayette was said to have been entertained under its roof during his visit to America many years before.

After minor repairs, the Sisters entered their new convent on the blustery, snow-swept morning of Feb. 26, to find the furniture incomplete and the pantry bare. Mrs. Peters promised to bring them food, but when two o'clock came and she failed to appear, the nuns began foraging. They hadn't eaten since an early breakfast of black coffee and dry bread. In the cellar they discovered a few frozen potatoes. A kind neighbor carried over a pot of coffee and some biscuits. With the bare floor as table, the nuns ate their first meal in their new foundation.

At three o'clock that afternoon, Mrs. Peters arrived with a huge bowl of cooked rice, full of apologies and explaining to the Sisters that since it was a fast day, she assumed they would eat only one main Lenten meal and she had therefore purposely delayed the dinner hour!

The Cincinnati community, supported by needlework and begging, was soon reinforced from Louisville and France and totaled nine cloistered Sis-

ters and one *tourier*, the latter an "outside Sister" because she was allowed by rule to leave the convent and solicit food and alms. In addition to caring for delinquent girls, the nuns, at the request of Archbishop Purcell, taught the children of St. Augustine's parish, a block away.

So low were funds, however, that the superior had to obtain permission from France to go out begging. Besides, the number of problem girls and recalcitrant young women sent to the home by civic and religious authorities increased to an extent that headquarters became uncomfortably crowded. Mrs. Peters, with the backing of the courts and civic leaders, inaugurated a city-wide crusade that led to the purchase of several additional cottages.

In 1862 the mayor of Cincinnati urged the nuns to take over the city's prison for women, then a source of scandal. For the first two years the Sisters at the prison received no remuneration except food. Their religious habits were threadbare and often they were in dire distress. But during the six years that the nuns had charge of the prison over 3,000 law-breaking women came under their control, and the yellowed hand-written records in the Cincinnati motherhouse indicate that the Sisters brought many Catholic inmates back to the sacraments and led others, outside the faith, to conversion. Good Shepherd nuns in this country no longer supervise prisons for women, although their members do so in South and Central America and in parts of Europe.

As years went on, factories belching smoke and noise all but swallowed the frame buildings that housed the nuns and their wards. Moving became imperative. The mother provincial, with no money but with an irrefragable trust in St. Joseph, bought some land with rolling hills and beautiful vistas to the north of Cincinnati in a section known as Carthage. The new buildings were completed four years later.

The first home of the Sisters, mute witness of so much heroism and heartache, of tears and triumphs, was moved from downtown Cincinnati to the Carthage settlement. There it remains a precious relic of the past, alongside another small frame building which was on the property at the time of purchase and which was then inhabited by one of George Washington's grandnieces.

Planned to accommodate about 150 girls, the Carthage project occupies 200 acres, part woodland and part farm, that supplies some of the vegetables, milk and meat necessary for the more than 400,000 meals now served annually. Besides the Carthage convent, dedicated to Our Lady of the Woods, is the novitiate and provincial house for Ohio and three adjoining states. A large separate convent shelters the nuns known as Magdalens.

Over 1500 Sisters have belonged to the community at Carthage and they have helped to rehabilitate more than 200,000 girls, of whom only 15% have proved defections.

Among the wards under the guidance of the nuns at Carthage at least 5,000 have been colored girls from

broken homes and 1,000 have been colored girls sent to the institution by the courts for various delinquencies. Only white girls, however, are at present placed with the Sisters in the western hills.

Two main types of girls are cared for in Our Lady of the Woods. The preservation group, known technically as preserves or dependents, includes orphan girls and those who are victims of homes disrupted either through death of one parent, through divorce, or because of some economic catastrophe necessitating parental employment outside the home. As a rule, these girls, from five to 18 years, are not assigned to the home for punitive or corrective measures; they simply need guidance and protection during formative years.

The second class, usually more numerous, embraces the penitent group. More popularly, these girls are known as problem children or juvenile delinquents. Ranging from 12 to 21, they are placed by parents or courts in the Sisters' charge because of social maladjustments, truancy, slow-wittedness, unwholesome recreational inclinations, immorality and other adolescent causes requiring a supervised program of education, work, and play.

Many preserves or dependents have a good family background, but death, divorce and economic calamities have necessitated care. Sometimes delinquent girls likewise come from excellent families, being unexplainable black sheep, but by far the greater number are unfortunate victims of environment. They are the grapes of

wrath of divorced, drunken, criminally inclined and socially maladjusted parents. Even then, the Sisters will assure you, most of these girls are not inherently vicious, but giddy, frivolous and undisciplined, often emotionally unstrung by their physical transformation into womanhood.

No whips lash the girls into subjection. No rods of iron bar their windows, nor do guarded walls frown upon their freedom. Three centuries of experience in child care and training, dating back to 1641, when St. John Eudes founded the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in Caen, France, make the nuns experts in rehabilitation. A regular scholastic schedule is followed for girls of school age and aptitude, supplemented with home training, domestic arts including machine and hand sewing, music, dramatic art, and wholesome recreation. Accent is always put upon a normal, natural home life.

By far the most distinctive feature of the program is the segregation of groups. Each has its own separate household. Delinquent girls never associate with the orphaned girls. The younger are kept separate from the more mature.

Of the delinquents, the larger proportion are non-Catholics. They are not obligated to attend religion classes nor participate in church services, but usually one by one drift into the classes and frequently outshine the Catholic pupils in knowledge of catechism. Many voluntarily become converts, if not while with the Sisters, then in later years.

Besides the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, the Good Shepherd nuns take a fourth: to labor for the salvation of souls. The cloistered Sisters wear a white habit with blue cincture and a black veil. A silver heart bearing the engraved figure of the Good Shepherd on one side and that of the Blessed Virgin on the other is received at profession, as well as a crucifix that is worn at the belt.

The *touriers*, or "outdoor Sisters," wear a black habit. They look after all buying for the community and handle activities outside the convent. In most cities they no longer beg because the work of the Sisters is partly financed by the Catholic Charities and sometimes by the Community Chest.

Associated with many, but not all, Good Shepherd communities are the Magdalens, around whom popular fancy has woven bizarre misconceptions and sensational legends. The Magdalens are a distinct and separate Order from the Good Shepherd nuns. While one of the latter is their immediate superior, they follow the Carmelite rule, not the rule of St. Augustine adopted by the Good Shepherd Order, and they are subject to the bishop. They have their own independent convent and associate with the Good Shepherd Sisters only in chapel, where they have a separate section.

Contrary to popular belief, the Magdalens are not composed solely of formerly delinquent girls in the care of Good Shepherd nuns. Many Magdalens choose such an Order because they want a strictly contemplative life irre-

vocably divorced from the world. They were always innocent and good and no stigma of shame can be attached to their person.

Altogether cloistered and contemplative, the Magdalens devote all their time to prayer for conversion of sinners, to needlework, household tasks, tending the garden, caring for bees, keeping church linens in repair, making altar breads, and similar work. They do not teach nor have charge of homeless and delinquent girls.

By far the greatest difficulty confronting the Sisters today is that of re-

placements. They need vocations badly. Not permitted by their rule to receive into the Good Shepherd Order any girl who was ever a charge of theirs, and being neither a teaching nor a nursing Order, they come in contact with very few girls who are inclined to the Religious life.

With juvenile delinquency always a problem, particularly in these war-torn days, the Sisters have a tremendous field of activity before them. They constantly pray for more young women to follow in the footsteps of the Good Shepherd, to seek and to save.

Flights of Fancy

Her hat's a millinery secret.—*Red Skelton*.

Helpless as an oyster on half-shell.—*Hugh Calkins, O.S.M.*

Smiling around the hairpin she held in her teeth.—*Brassil Fitzgerald*.

Rain hit the windows smartly, then staggered crazily down the panes.—*John S. Kennedy*.

All others found themselves in the corner, due to her sweeping personality.—*Helen Raskauskas*.

He had been hanging around, staring at her as if she had the only face in the world.—*Richard English*.

That girl bores me from within.—*Elizabeth Dunn*.

Finally began to see the whites of their lies.—*Maureen Daly*.

Her smile wrapped itself around you and made you glad you'd come.—*Virginia Wilson*.

Don't do a job halfway and say: To hell with it; do a job all the way and say: To heaven with it.—*James McLean*.

On awakening in the morning the saint says, "Good morning, God"; the debutante: "Good God, morning!"—Quoted from a lecture.

[Readers are asked to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Exact source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Francis Thompson: Poet of Two Worlds

Feet in the gutter, head in the stars

By PAUL J. KETRICK

Condensed from the *Catholic Ladies' Journal**

Francis Thompson very often shocked those who knew him best. Like Edgar Allan Poe, he could not tell his own age. Born before Einstein, he appeared to reckon time upon the same generous principles. He would come to an appointment six hours late; he would come down for dinner, thinking it was time for breakfast. Once a lady offered odds of ten to one that he would not appear for a tea which he had promised faithfully to attend. Sometimes he wandered whole afternoons in the London streets en route to deliver a belated manuscript. The author of *The Hound of Heaven* and that fine poem *The Poppy* could not remember the name of the poppy when he saw one, but continually asked what it was; "he could not distinguish oak from elm," says a friend.

While in London, Thompson was engaged to sell an encyclopedia. For two months he read the work, then decided he could not sell it. If all book salesmen were to follow Thompson's example, there would be fewer sales, but doubtless better books.

No one should be misled into thinking Thompson was a fool. A man may order porridge and beer for supper and look like a "sleep-walking ghost," yet be a divine poet. Thompson was neither an idiot who blundered upon a glorious idea, nor a religious fanatic

who happened to write verse. In appearance he "was something between a lamplighter and a man of letters, but nearer to the lamplighter—a waif of a man, ragged, unkempt, with no shirt beneath his coat, and bare feet in broken shoes," as described by Wilfrid Meynell after a first meeting. Thompson himself remarked, "A poet is one who endeavors to make the worst of both worlds. For he is thought seldom to make provision for himself in the next life, and 'tis odd if he gets any in this." It remains a truism that if one looks at the stars he may tumble in the ditch. If he packs his mind with the garnered grain of golden thoughts, he may go hungry.

Contemporary critics were not particularly kind to Francis Thompson. Mr. Traill wrote, "A 'public' to appreciate *The Hound of Heaven* is to me inconceivable,"—not realizing that in the three years after the poet's death *The Hound of Heaven* was to sell 50,000 copies and by hundreds of thousands since. A writer in the *Saturday Review* found Thompson's *New Poems* "nonsense verses"; another in the *Literary World* found his language like "a dictionary of obsolete English suffering from a fierce fit of delirium tremens." The reviewer for the *New York Critic* found the poet ignorant of religion! The *Dublin Review* rejected his noble

*Box 987, GG, G.P.O., Sydney, Australia. April, 1944.

essay on Shelley, but when Thompson's literary executors kindly offered the still unpublished manuscript after the poet's death, the periodical sold so rapidly that it had a second printing for the first time in 72 years. It is little to be marveled at that Thompson remarked, "There are two kinds of critics—the first see nothing in him, and the second (see) themselves." He dryly added that when a great author erects an enduring monument, "your true critic does his best to evince his taste and sense by cutting his own name on it."

As for the general public, Thompson said, "I will confess the public to be the natural overseer of both poetry and morality, for 'tis most accustomed to overlook them both."

From early misfortune and poverty in London's streets, Thompson was raised by a kind friend, Mr. Meynell, to a position of comparative security. Like many another of literary promise, Thompson came to London with nothing in his pockets. Instead of a fat annuity, he carried the poems of Blake and a volume of Aeschylus. Perhaps he saw a bow of promise in rainy skies, but when the poet had trudged through heart-aching hours, "dogging the secret footsteps of the heavens," to the end of that brilliant rainbow—rather than the pot of gold, he found blackened leaves of despair. The great city, which he envisioned as a magnificent patron, offered dregs, hard crumbs; a gutter as a bed for one who had dreamed of soft down and saffron cushions. Thompson called cabs, sold matches

and pencils on the streets. He lurked five years in the slums, in the "watches of the dark."

Eventually, with his health broken, he was even barred from the Guildhall library because of his appearance. If poetry, as Robert Frost says, "begins with a lump in the throat," then Thompson learned to know poetry during the harshness of those years. Would he have been a poet without poverty and suffering? Thompson himself said, "There is a pernicious impression that the lightness of a singer's flight is dependent on the lightness of his purse; indeed, 'tis the convinced belief of mankind that to make a poet sing you must pinch his belly, as if the Almighty had constructed him like certain rudimentary vocal dolls."

It is greatly to his credit that Thompson was not embittered. Instead he rubbed out the rusty stains. More than that, he built synthetically in his own heart from the fragments of the past. He who had

Suffered the trampling hoof of every hour

In Night's slow-wheeled car;
Until the tardy dawn dragged me at length

From under those dread wheels—

could still sing of grateful thanksgiving.

Here was a poet who could "both soar and walk," writing fine prose, as Sidney, Goldsmith, Emerson, and others had done. Glowing imagination and phrasing are in Thompson's critical essays; there are liquid lightnings

in his exotic and fiery odes and beautiful songs. Such pieces as *A Corymbus for Autumn*, *Ode to the Setting Sun*, *The Poppy*, *Song of the Hours*, *The Snowflake*, are dear to those who love song's "chorded charms" and the "aching music" of magnificent verse.

Thompson is far from being a one-poem poet, as Thomas Gray and Edward Fitzgerald have come to be. Nevertheless, just as Poe is remembered chiefly for *The Raven*, and Rossetti for *The Blessed Damozel*, though each has written other poems equally fine, so Thompson's fame is associated definitely with *The Hound of Heaven*.

Thompson begins with a formal conviction of a consummate effect to be achieved. In the opening lines he paints the self-delusion of the soul, lost in the mist of tears. Ordinarily, life is all this and more—the hopes of youth, the labyrinthine ways of struggle and disillusionment, the chasmed fears of age. Tremulously fearing its inefficacy, the poet then seeks out the consolations of human love. These are not adequate to his desire,

*For, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash
it to.*

"Marriage itself" (says Thompson in *Paganism: Old and New*) is a "mere knocking at the gates of union." Where shall we now turn? To the romantic lovers of the "great world of ear and eye"? Alas, he soon discovers vanity. Imagined shelter vanished with the first summer storm. When warmth is most needed, embers of the hedonistic

fires turn to cold ash. The tree of life grows ugly with the years.

Fresh from this disappointment, the poet turns wistfully to the innocence of childhood, and hopes to find the refuge in "the little children's eyes." Thompson truly loved children. "Know you what it is to be a child?" he asked in the essay on Shelley. "It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of Baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and to count yourself the king of infinite space; it is

*To see a world in a grain of sand
And a heaven in a wildflower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.*

In this quest, too, he is doomed to disappointments,

*I turned me to them very wistfully;
But just as their young eyes grew sud-
den fair
With dawning answers there,
Their angels plucked them from me
by the hair.*

So at last the singer turns to nature. Perhaps he hopes that, like Swinburne, he may discover happiness with that "maiden most perfect, lady of light," for whom the stars and the winds are as raiment.

But again the poet's dreams "burst

as sun-starts on a stream" or crackle and go up in smoke:

Nature, poor step-dame, cannot slake my drouth.

The poets had been in love not with Love, but with their own graceful creations. The kiss of Diana to Thompson is frigid, the gods of Homer not grand figures as in the minds of Keats and Shelley, but braggarts and gluttons. He cannot burn to false idols. And so illusion fades, the gold turns to clinking brass, the sun rises clear and bright. "The sympathy of nature," the poor seeker after happiness finds, "is the sympathy of a cat, sitting by the fire and blinking at you." And Thompson goes on, in his essay on *Nature's Immortality*, that nature "cannot give what she does not need," namely, soul's ease. This summarizes his view beautifully. Nature has indeed a tranquil charm which the young poet may admire, but when life with her raveled sleeve has rubbed the mists from his eyes he sees that nature is tranquil because insensible. "Nature has no heart."

And so Thompson cries, "Titan as you are, my heart is too great for you," and he discards the ideas of the Poets of the Happy Valley, echoing Coleridge's bitter lines:

*O Lady, we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live.*

And so the fugitive soul has reached its last stance:

*Yea, faileth now even dream
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist.*

There can be no salvation except in the love of God. Here is the poet's finding. The real Thompson speaks. He has become a poet of the return to God. Into the tapestry of his dreams he has woven a mystic vision. Out of strange desolating fires he has emerged renewed. Down the arches of the years, to the golden gateway of the stars he has sought for truth and, at last, has found it. And so he utters that most simple yet profound of all triumphant messages,

His name I know, and what His trumpet saith.



We in Eire were aghast when we read that Mr. Robert Brennan, Irish Minister in Washington, had been called to the State Department and asked about a report that 3,000 Japanese had arrived in Eire. Since the total Japanese population of this country is four, we can hardly be blamed now for being skeptical about the objectivity of the reports reaching Washington from this country. Even the Belfast papers suggested that the State Department was confusing Orangemen with yellow men.

John T. Grealish in *The Sign* (June '44).

500 Million Slaves

Which Goliath? Which David?

By HALLETT ABEND

Condensed from *The Sign**

The men in Washington and London who plan the strategy, estimate manpower, and decide on how many ships and planes and tanks we need to defeat Japan, are calculating that after Hitler's defeat it will take us from two and a half to three years to defeat Japan.

A struggle of this length will be due not only to the size and strength of Japan, but also will be due to the fact that Japan today is ruling and looting and, above all, working more than one-fifth of the potential labor power in the world.

Granting a population of 2 billion on the globe, Japan today with 405 million human beings in her home islands and in subject empires is mistress of the greatest slave-labor potential the world has known. Much is inexperienced common labor, to be sure, but Japan has experts of all kinds to make use of the enormous raw-material production she obtains from the nations she has enslaved. Such technical skill as the Japanese lack is provided by German experts who went to the Far East when Japan joined the Axis.

The American public has been expecting a short war in the Far East after Hitler's defeat. But Americans have continued mistakenly to think of the Japanese as a race of 70 million people, with a home empire of a col-

lection of not overfertile islands which lumped together are only the size of California.

This rating has not been true for nearly half a century. While America was remaining uninformed, Japan was continuously expanding and obtaining control of new resources necessary for war. It has been many years since she ceased being a small empire with no oil, little coal, and not enough iron. As long ago as 1895 Japan fought a war against China, extracted a large indemnity, and annexed a string of strategically important islands and also the rich semitropical island of Formosa.

A decade later, in 1904-5, Japan fought Russia, and obtained two important ports and vital railways in South Manchuria. This war brought her no cash indemnity, but won the southern half of Sakhalin island and important oil, fishery, and forest concessions. While she was fighting Russia, Japan moved into Korea and in 1910 annexed that unhappy empire, thereby bringing another 11 million wage slaves under domination. But we continue to rate Japan as small and poor and lacking in natural resources, when as a matter of fact she had already more than doubled the size of her empire 30 years ago.

Then, in 1931, the Japanese moved into Manchuria. This was a colossal

expansion, for Manchuria then had about 35 million and in area is just about one-sixth the size of continental U. S. Before Japan had been in possession more than a year, she began preparing for war on a gigantic scale. Had it not been for Manchuria's labor power, coal and iron mines, shale oil deposits, gold production, and great forests, Japan would not have been able to challenge the U. S. at Pearl Harbor.

The incursion into China began in July, 1937, at Marco Polo bridge near Peiping, and by the end of 1938 Japanese force had grabbed all of China's important seaports, and in some areas had occupied rail lines, rivers, and highways 600 miles into the interior. This occupation brought another 120 million human beings under Japanese domination, and since people must either work or starve and die, Japan had added another huge reservoir of labor potential and important reserves of raw materials. A few hundred miles northwest of Peiping, for instance, she set more than 10,000 Chinese to work opening one of the greatest high-grade iron-ore deposits in all East Asia.

In spite of mounting piles of paper protests, Japanese expansion became more and more menacing. She took Hainan and other strategic islands in the sea south of Hong Kong and west of our bases in the Philippines. In 1940 she bluffed fallen France into granting her railways and airfields in northern Indo-China, and in 1941, by a deal with Berlin and Vichy, she moved into south Indo-China. Meanwhile, by bribery of a corrupt government at Bang-

kok, Japan made Thailand her servile slave and completed arrangements to take over that country's harbors and airfields.

After Dec. 7, 1941, Japan had the choice of two strategic moves. She could either push southward, grab Singapore, and occupy the Netherlands East Indies with their 70 millions and vast riches of tin, rubber, and quinine, or she could attack the western coast of the U. S. and move almost unopposed into Alaska. The decision she made was wise for Japan's purposes. She moved south.

Many have thought that Japan attacked the U. S. in response to urgings from Berlin. This was not so. Japan moved southward in East Asia and into the rich southern islands as insurance against a German defeat.

If Japan had waited to see who would win in Europe, she would have been in great peril upon Germany's surrender. Her southward thrust through Indo-China gave her only a narrow corridor. We, in the Philippines, could have built up our strength on her eastern flank; the Dutch in the Indies could have strengthened their positions in the islands to the south; and Britain in Malaya and Burma could have become formidable on the west, at the same time that China was growing stronger with outside help.

It has long been the fashion in this country to rate the Japanese as stupid. In reality the Tokyo leaders are extremely shrewd. They counted on the policy we adopted, the decision to defeat Hitler first.

This decision has worked to their enormous advantage. They consolidated their conquests, except for Burma, within 90 days after Pearl Harbor, and have already had over two years in which to organize their vast new empire and to turn a partial ruin into a going concern.

During the first year of the war Japan was obtaining little from the natural riches of conquered lands. In most vital areas, particularly in the East Indies, the scorched-earth policy had been effectively employed. The Dutch, for instance, not only destroyed the docks and refineries at their great oil ports on Borneo and on Sumatra, but they dynamited the wells in their oil fields, and every 1,500 feet through tangled jungles they dynamited pipe lines.

By April of this year Japan had been for two years in almost undisturbed possession of the huge southern empire. The scorched-earth damages have long since been repaired. Ruined railway lines have been rebuilt and extended. Bridges have been repaired, and highway systems nearly doubled. Harbors have been dredged and deepened and new docks built by slave labor working under Japanese engineers. Japan has covered those islands with a magnificent pattern of fine, new air-fields. Mines have been set to producing again; oil wells have been redrilled.

We have had our victories against our foes in the Orient, and many of them very important. Our constant whittling down of Japan's naval and merchant shipping strength has been

of supreme value. But when the length of the war is being considered, it must be remembered that only once have we succeeded in damaging any Japanese centers of production. That one exception was the Doolittle raid over Tokyo and Yokohama, never since repeated. With that one exception, in more than two years of warfare we have never dropped a bomb nor hurled a shell upon any center where ships are built, airplanes made, or ammunition produced.

The enemy we have to defeat holds a compact land and water empire from near the Arctic circle in North Manchuria to hundreds of miles south of the equator. This gives him everything that grows in every climate in the world. The labor is unskilled labor, to be sure, but Japan's hundreds of millions of slaves know nothing of the eight-hour day, the five-day week, or time and a half for overtime. They work from dawn to dark seven days a week, and are paid largely with worthless paper money which the Japanese Army turns out from its portable printing presses. And even in that debased currency they get little more than enough to buy a few bowls of rice a day with a few scraps of dried fish.

Japan, with the heart of her producing empire seemingly behind the screen of thousands of islands which she calls her "floating fortresses," still hopes to win the war by compromise. She hugs the belief that our losses will be so terrific in Europe that after Hitler is defeated we and the British people will

be so war-weary that we will be eager to end the conflict.

If instead of bringing Japan, too, to unconditional surrender we finally agree to a peace which leaves her with even a third of her conquests, and which does not provide for her total

disarmament, then Japan will have won the war. She will immediately begin preparing for another conflict, working the millions of people we leave enslaved under her yoke, and in another 20 years she will be at our throats again.



Century of Progress

The amazing demonstrations of esteem and affection at Cardinal O'Connell's funeral stirred memories. I was on a mission in the Boston cathedral when the late Cardinal was appointed coadjutor to Archbishop Williams. The older man, in the 80's, was reminiscent. I had never met, nor have I since, an ecclesiastic whose memories were more entralling.

He said that when he was a boy, in the 1830's, he knew every Catholic in the city, that in those days anti-Catholic feeling was so strong that Bishop Fenwick seriously considered abandoning the capital of Puritanism and settling anew in some less hostile locality. The transplanting of the little church of Boston would have been no very great feat.

That was only 100 years ago, a mere nothing as the Church reckons time. But when, the other day, the Cardinal Archbishop passed on, he was accorded such honors as have not more than once or twice been given to a president, and the See which had come within an ace of being abandoned now is recognized as one of the half dozen most important centers of Catholicism in all the world. He had dared to show those Puritans to what an exalted place the

Church could rise in their community.

I opened once again *Catholicism in New England to 1788*, by Dr. Arthur J. Riley of the Boston Archdiocesan seminary, which presents a *List of supposed Catholics in Boston 1731-2*. Its language is quaint: "Gentlemen, I have given some diligence to inquire into ye number and proceedings of Papists residing in this town and as far as I can at present recollect, I have here set down their names and number. In ye bottom of ye Comons, Thos. Poor his sister and man servant. 3 Rouland Poor and his man servant a Carter 2."

So the list goes on: 2 laborers, 2 porters, 3 men servants and one ropemaker; some 16 in all. I wonder if the increase from 16 to 1,092,078 has ever been surpassed. John Dryden speaks of the "milk-white hind so often doomed to death, but fated not to die." She not only does not die, but she flourishes in soil in which any but a divine organization would perish.

Such thoughts as these came to mind during the obsequies over Cardinal O'Connell. The real importance of his career is in the fact that it was a visible presentation of the theological fact that the Church is of the everlasting and all-powerful God.

Science Looks at Child Spacing

So Mother Church was right

By NICHOLSON J. EASTMAN, M.D.

Condensed from the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology**

Dr. Eastman is professor of obstetrics in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and obstetrician-in-chief to the Johns Hopkins Hospital. He is a member of the Presbyterian church.

In 1925 there appeared a monograph which has probably had more influence on the pattern of childbearing in this country than any half dozen other publications. Its title was *Causal Factors in Infant Mortality; A Statistical Study Based on Investigations in Eight Cities*. Its author was Robert Morse Woodbury, Ph.D., then director of statistical research in the Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor. Dr. Woodbury's study is a meticulous analysis of the more important causal agents in infant mortality; and among other factors especial attention is given to the role played by the interval of time since the preceding birth. After a careful survey of many aspects of the problem the conclusion is reached that "the infants born after short intervals had a markedly high rate of mortality from all causes. Evidently some factor that is intimately connected with the short interval—perhaps through the influence of frequent births upon the mother's health—affected adversely the chances of life of the infants who followed closely after preceding births." The specific infant mortality figures for the first year of life reported per 1,000 were as follows: for those in

whom the interval since the preceding birth was one year, 146.7; for those in whom the interval was two years, 98.6; for the three-year-interval group, 86.5; and for those in whom the interval was four years and more, 84.9. The corresponding figures for neonatal deaths were: 51.2; 37.3; 36.7 and 38.1. Stillbirth data followed a similar trend. In round numbers, then, it was found that infants born after an interval of but one year following a preceding birth faced a mortality which was one and a half times that met by infants born after intervals of two years or more. The lowest mortality for the entire first year of life was enjoyed by infants born four or more years after a previous childbirth.

Dr. Woodbury's monograph is a scholarly study, largely objective; and it contains no suggestion whatsoever as to what might be done to reduce infant mortality in the short-interval groups. But those interested in the furtherance of birth control were quick to see a remedy. Certainly, they reasoned, if conception could be prevented in women during the first year or two after childbirth, the high mortality associated with the short interval could be prevented. And forthwith the Woodbury study became one of the cornerstones of the birth-control movement and has remained so ever since. Upon

*3523 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, 3, Mo. April, 1944.

it, indeed, is based the entire rationale, from a medical viewpoint, of so-called "child spacing," a term which has come to be a sort of euphemism for contraception in general.

Moreover, information about this presumably high infant mortality associated with short-interval births has been given such wide circulation that it is frequently stressed in our lay periodicals, always with the implication that it is a generally accepted truth, almost one of the axioms of childbearing. For instance, in the September, 1943, issue of *Reader's Digest* an article appeared entitled, "Questions on Childbirth." It starts with the challenging query: "How much do you know about the latest scientific findings as to childbirth?" Then follow a series of statements which the reader is supposed to check as "true" or "false." These comprise, in main, elementary and commonly accepted obstetric facts. Along with these, item No. 23 reads as follows: "Babies born at yearly intervals to a mother are as likely to live as if there were periods of several years between them." The answer is: "False. Where the interval between the births of two babies is less than two years, the infant mortality rate is one and a half times as high as if the children were spaced." A footnote states: "The American Medical Association has verified the facts in this article." Here then, again, are Dr. Woodbury's figures, having reached (after approval by the American Medical Association) the *Reader's Digest* with its millions of readers.

Because of the wide influence which the Woodbury monograph has exerted, it would seem appropriate to review that portion of it which deals with the short-interval problem. This comprises an analysis of 8,196 births in Baltimore, all occurring between Jan. 1 and Dec. 31, 1915, that is, 28 years ago. In view of the many lifesaving advances which have been made both in pediatrics and obstetrics over this period, it would seem permissible to question whether conclusions drawn from births occurring in 1915 are valid today. The only other study of this type which we have been able to discover is one by Elizabeth Hughes, carried out in Gary, Ind., in 1916. Analyzing 1,135 births (other than first births) she found that the infant mortality, under one year, was 169.1 per 1,000 live births when the interval was less than 15 months, but fell to 102.8 when it exceeded two years.

It is the purpose of this paper to report an investigation, based on modern material, of the effect of the interval between births on maternal and fetal outlook. The case histories of 5,158 obstetric patients were reviewed, in all of which the interval between the previous viable delivery and the termination of the present pregnancy was accurately known and recorded on statistical punch cards. Since the portion of the investigation is based on direct knowledge of the interval between births, it may be regarded as a direct study of the effect of certain intervals on maternal and fetal phenomena.

The 5,158 patients were all delivered at the Johns Hopkins Hospital between

Sept. 1, 1936, and June 30, 1943. The series was a consecutive one, with the following exceptions: 1. All primiparas, of course, were excluded, as were those cases in which the only previous pregnancy had terminated in an abortion. In other words, there had been in every case a previous viable delivery. 2. All cases, relatively few in number, were omitted in which the pregnancy subsequent to a viable delivery terminated in a well-attested criminal abortion. The latter group of cases would obviously vitiate any conclusions drawn in regard to the effect of the preceding interval on the *spontaneous* outcome of a subsequent pregnancy.

When the data reviewed in this study are analyzed from the viewpoint of their statistical validity, it becomes clear that certain of the findings are significant beyond any question. These conclusions seem clear-cut and inescapable: 1. Infants born from 12 to 24 months after a previous viable delivery (that is, during the second year) have at least as low a stillbirth and neonatal mortality as do infants born after longer intervals. 2. The longer the interval between birth, the more likely the mother is to suffer from some form of hypertensive toxemia of pregnancy. The incidence of this complication is lowest when the interval is 12 to 24 months, significantly higher when it is 24 to 48 months, and much higher when it exceeds four years. In the present study this was equally true of white and colored ward and private patients. 3. In patients who have had a previous hypertensive toxemia of pregnancy, the

likelihood of repetition becomes progressively greater as the interval becomes longer. 4. The incidence of the following conditions is no greater when the interval is 12 to 24 months than when it is longer: premature labor, anemia, post-partum hemorrhage, and puerperal infection; nor are mothers in this brief-interval group less able to nurse their babies. The weight of the mature babies was approximately the same regardless of the interval.

Finally, concerning the bearing of our findings on the practical issue of child spacing, the following question would seem permissible. In recommending child spacing for the health of mother and infant, have we not overlooked the greatest talisman that a pregnant woman can possess, namely, youth? Child spacing, by definition, means maternal aging; and after a certain optimum period, probably in the early 20's, maternal aging means inevitably somewhat higher risks both to mother and child. All experience and all statistics support this statement. It would seem almost inconceivable that a mere difference in age of four years or so could have any appreciable effect on the outcome of childbearing, yet in any considerable series such as this, it manifests its influence unmistakably; and whatever advantage is gained by a rest period of several years between births seems to be offset, and in some respects more than counterbalanced, by the aging factor. For the best maternal and fetal outlook we are inclined to believe that youth is a better ally than child spacing.

Father Tim's Charities

By DAN J. FORRESTAL, JR.

From the cradle to the grave

A police sergeant walked up to the door of St. Patrick's rectory and asked for Father Tim. "Mind you, I'm not insinuatin' anything, Father, but one of the old men at your hotel is suspect-ed of stealing an overcoat."

"And whose overcoat was it, ser-gant?" asked Father Tim.

"The Archbishop's," was the start-ling reply, "taken right off the hook in the sacristy of the cathedral."

"Now who could better afford to lose an overcoat?" queried Father Tim, dismissing the sergeant with the prom-ise he'd look into the matter without delay.

That is but one of several hundred anecdotes still making the rounds in St. Louis, where Father Tim fought an uphill, two-fisted battle in the slums to establish the world-famous Father Dempsey's Charities before his death April 6, 1936.

Actually, he was more than Father Tim; he was Right Reverend Mon-signor Timothy Dempsey, the title hav-ing been bestowed upon him in 1923 by Pope Pius XI in recognition of "the remarkable institutions of charity" that he had established. However, he was known to rich and poor alike as Father Tim, and as such he rests in peace be-neath a Celtic cross in St. Louis' Calvary cemetery, his grave in the middle of a plot called the Exiles' Rest, a plot donated to him by the Calvary Cemetery Board.

"I had to bury these men," Father Tim said shortly before his death, when asked why he established Exiles' Rest. And then he had added: "I just put them all together so they'd all get up in a bunch and maybe say a good word for me when the trumpet blows."

And when Father Tim joined the exiles in rest, a note of sorrow hung over St. Louis for many days. Father Dempsey's Charities, officially Father Dempsey's Hotel, Inc., seemed imper-ilied without the presence of its driving force.

Yet today Father Dempsey's Charities are carrying on in the 6th-and-Bid-dle slums area of St. Louis. The transi-tion in management is perhaps best ex-plained by words which are inscribed on 500 papier-mâché loaves of bread, which plead silently for donations in beer parlors, confectioneries, res-taurants, grocery stores and other business locations in St. Louis. On each loaf are the words: "Help Father Jim Carry On For Father Tim."

Father Jim also has a more formal name, Rev. James P. Johnston, but there's no emphasis on formality at St. Patrick's.

"Sure, we've got a church and a school, and we've got all the branches of the Father Dempsey Charities," Fa-ther Jim will tell you, "but you can't sit down and call us a parish. Look around, and what do you see? Factories, taverns, bus and rail terminals.

Things like that don't make a very fan-cy parish. Maybe I've got 75 people who live in St. Patrick's parish, and maybe I haven't. It's the people on the outside who keep us going. It's their charity which keeps Father Dempsey's Charities alive."

Within a week after Father Tim's death Archbishop John J. Glennon sent Father Jim down to the slums to take over the reins of Father Dempsey's Charities. In many ways Father Jim and Father Tim had things in common. Both, of course, were Irish, Father Tim having been born in 1867 in King's County (now County Offaly), Ireland; and Father Jim, though born in St. Louis, gets his blarney from his mother and father, both of whom were born and reared on the Old Sod.

You'll find those who'll tell you that big Father Tim—no tiny Tim was he, this six-foot-three, 225-pounder—was handy with his dukes. Indeed, the fingers that so often reverently caressed the beads of his rosary could curl up into blockbuster fists. However, intimates of Father Jim know he, too, is a believer in "physical Christianity," as he terms it.

"A boy came in the other night, a fresh, young punk who, according to the grapevine, had the bad habit of becoming too fascinated by women's purses." Father Jim laid down the law. "But a surly stinker, he was. 'Yeh!', he'd answer me instead of 'Yes, Father'; and 'Nah!' instead of 'No, Father.' Me, I don't care. But this Roman collar stands for something. So I used the one possible language he'd understand: I

belted him across the right side of his head with my left. So later on he leaves, but in comes mamma crying, 'Oh, my poor Angelo. He's a good boy, Father. There's just something wrong with his head. I'll bring him in tomorrow, Father, and you bless his head, huh, you bless his head?' Bless his head! I'll bless the other side of his head with my right if I hear of any more foolishness out of Angelo."

Such a method might seem slightly unorthodox, but a shy, sanctimonious priest would find the problems of St. Patrick's pretty tough to solve. Father Jim's heart is packed with fervor, his work for Christ is never-ending, but a timid approach would be "a bad job of quarterbacking; a bad case of wrong signals." The bulk of his attention goes to Father Dempsey's Charities, the corporation having given him the titles of secretary, treasurer, and manager. While the charity organization embraces many branches, most of its activity centers around these seven:

1. The Day Nursery, where about 50 children are cared for daily while their mothers work.

2. The Men's Hotel, capacity 300, where wanderers are given a flop for 15c a night if they've got the money and "for free" if they haven't.

3. The Women's Hotel, where, to quote Father Jim's words, "discarded mothers find refuge, mothers whose only mistake has been to grow old, eloquent examples of the saying that one mother can take care of eight kids but eight kids can't take care of one mother."

4. The soupline, or the Emergency Lunchroom, where the "floaters" get 500 meals a day, "on the house."

5. The Charity Workshop, with 11 trucks which carry old clothes, broken furniture, scrap, waste paper and other unwanted items, articles which are repaired or bundled, and sold.

6. St. Patrick's school, a humble edifice where seven nuns have their hands full keeping discipline in kindergarten and eight grades over an enrollment of 95 youngsters.

7. The Exiles' Rest, where the down-and-outers are buried after being picked up from downtown gutters.

Most picturesque of all these classifications is the soupline, where free meals are served at 6 A.M., 11 A.M., and 4 P.M. Many "patrons" are repeaters; others fade out of the picture as rapidly as they cut in. Most are St. Louisans, but some are transients, stopping in for soup, meat, bread, and coffee before they again drift with the wind.

The world is cruel, you think, as these silent men wait in line for their food, but Father Jim's experiences convince him that in most cases the men, themselves, are to blame. "And many," ponders Father Jim, "are good people. The insurance executive, for instance. Friendless, shaveless, and no doubt bathless, he was parked in the soupline one morning when I glimpsed him first. From his pocket he pulled a crumpled piece of paper and showed it to me. It was a contract calling for a \$750 monthly salary, plus commissions. And in the other pocket there was a bottle—the story of a man's life in two

pockets of a threadbare coat. I never found out his name, but I did hear him say, before he left, that booze made him a washout and sent him on the road to the human junkyard."

Then there was the manager of a midwestern electric company, noticed by Father Jim one night while enjoying the luxury of clean sheets in the flophouse. "He was our guest for three weeks," Father Jim recalls, "and then he checked out without as much as a word to any of us. But this story has a happy ending. He got back on his feet and got a job. Months later he knocked on my door. I hardly recognized him; he was dressed like a dude. Many words did he use in telling me what had happened since leaving the flop-house. But he came with only one word in his heart: he came back to say 'thanks.'

"We have all types, all ages, although since the start of the war most of the migrant youths have disappeared. Now it's the old ones, barnacled unfortunates whose lives have been sadly tangled. On Christmas we had 1,000 of them in the soupline, for Christmas is a big day down here at St. Patrick's. We had ducks, turkeys, and chickens—and all the accessories you'd buy for a king. Each man had his fill, and to each went a new pair of woolen socks—and to each the traditional dime, a Christmas courtesy which Father Tim had borrowed from the Rockefeller technique back in the early days of the soupline. We had no Benedictine nor brandy chasers, so I knew many of those dimes would go for bottles of

'antifreeze,' but it made no difference. It was Christmas day."

Wartime has brought a blessing of sorts to this neighborhood which embraces the buildings of Father Dempsey's Charities, a blessing in the form of the liquor shortage. The residents of the Men's Hotel and habitues of the soupline can no longer get a half pint of cheap spirits for a dime; they've switched to wine, which is more plentiful and reasonably inexpensive.

A middle-aged man confronted the priest one night and requested food and shelter. Father Jim fixed him up with bed and broth, then dispatched him to the Charity Workshop, where the stranger took up his place of employment alongside 75 other men. For three days he crated paper, unloaded trucks, and did minor repair work, but then came his desire for that "short glass of beer." Father Jim got the news from an excited manager at the Men's Hotel; the stranger, it seems, was in his bunk, incapacitated, out like a third strike. So Father Jim hurried over, and investigation showed the stranger was so eager for a bit of alcoholic stimulant that he drank the contents of a can of "bed-bug juice" which he had found hidden in a corner in the hotel. He lived, and pledged himself to be more discriminating in his choice of liquor.

In trouble or out of trouble, "the boys" always had a friend in Father Tim. Seldom did he fail to provide for unexpected situations, which arose as reliably as the morning sun. If there is one well-remembered exception, this is it:

It was a day in May, 1932, and the Municipal Lodging House of St. Louis was forced to close, throwing the burden of caring for the "municipal adherents" onto the big shoulders of Father Tim. But it had to be done on short notice, and at suppertime there was not enough food in the Emergency Lunchroom for all. And it was a solemn, sorrowful Father Tim who announced to the gathering that the food supply had been exhausted. Almost in chorus, though, came this, "That's O.K., Father. Thanks for the other meals you've given us."

Apart from his charity organization, Father Tim's outside interests were limited, but one of his extra-curricular activities is still thought of and talked of in St. Louis. For Father Tim was mediator and the person who brought about amicable adjustment of fully 50 major labor disputes as a "sideline activity."

Father Tim also saved a portion of his time for the underworld. Few were the thugs, fallen-away Catholics or non-Catholics, who did not ask for Father Tim after that last bullet struck. The Catholic Church withholds last rites from no well-disposed person, for, as Father Tim once said, "with God's grace, here, in my arms, might be the repentant thief." Several times he walked to the gallows, comforting the condemned to the last. Murderers, big-time crooks and penny-ante thieves, racketeers of all varieties, penniless nobodys, young smart alecks, old half-rotted derelicts—these had all found a path to St. Patrick's.

Father Jim's rectory has the questionable distinction of being located not far from several *bistros*, so such a mission as to rescue Johnny from Demon Rum's entrapment is as rapid as it is exciting. Talk about your dramatic entrances of Lynn Fontaine and Katharine Cornell — you should see Father Jim's entrance into a smoke-filled saloon. He throws open the door with a flourish, and "when I waltz in looking for Johnny everything stops but the jukebox. Sometimes Johnny is stubborn and needs a bit of physical coaxing. More often, though, he's a sad sight, full of ink, and we generally make our exit before the record has run out on *Pistol Packin' Mamma*."

"Lay that pistol down" drifts from the jukeboxes as a sort of theme song on the first floor of Father Jim's rectory, where disarmament has been the order of the day ever since the era of Father Tim. Last year alone Father Jim built up a sizable arsenal. Some weapons were frisked from their owners in rapid moves during which Father Jim obtained and maintained the initiative; others were turned over voluntarily; others were procured from men who came in confessing a desire to liquidate their wives.

Fantastic stories are commonplace in St. Patrick's rectory. Probably no other spot in St. Louis holds the unique position of furnishing the necessary chairs and ash-trays for men of such varied accomplishments. But it has always been thus.

Father Dempsey's Charities are supported through regular annual dona-

tions, through receipt of occasional bequests after the reading of wills, and through frequent anonymous donations. In Father Tim's day the slogan was "a dollar at Father Dempsey's Charities goes farther and does more than a dollar anywhere else," and the slogan seems just as apropos today. Nevertheless, it takes charity to support charity, and in this Father Jim finds ready response.

Fresh foods are sent in large quantities to the Emergency Lunchroom from the St. Louis Commission Row; dairies temper charity with business and take only slightly more than a cent for half-pint bottles of fresh milk; Uncle Sam, too, has been benevolent, and has routed much of his surplus foods to Father Jim's door; and last year coal dealers sent six carloads of fuel without charge, this making up half of the supply needed to keep the various buildings well-heated. "The Women's Hotel," Father Jim remarks, "is especially large in appetite when it comes to coal. Sure and the old girls are cold on the Fourth of July."

Businessmen of all creeds assist at regular intervals. Because the charity group operates on a "cradle to the grave" policy, its wants are many. In some instances, the only solution is money—but frequently there is a substitute. Take the case of burials. Several undertakers, Protestant and Catholic, have volunteered to assist without charge; others require small fees, often down to \$25.

Up from the sidewalks himself, Father Jim knows what it is like to run

short of funds. As a boy he sold newspapers in St. Malachy's parish in South St. Louis, to return 30 years later as pastor.

After quitting grammar school in mid-term of the 8th grade, Jimmy Johnston shook hands with the world of business at 14, when he took a job as a bundle wrapper for 50 cents a day. That was shortlived, though, for along came an offer of a job paying \$5 a week. He held that job, messenger for the Burlington road's offices in St. Louis, until he was 19. During this era he became actively interested in sports, and was playing semipro baseball at 17, covering third base for several teams. While in his late teens he also played professional soccer, and for three years was a member of the famed Ben Millers of St. Louis, including 1919, when the Millers won the national championship. He was selected for the all-America team, too, in 1919, but then came the calling; "now," he had said, "I am sure. I know it is God's wish that I become a priest." So instead of going off to Sweden with the All-America Soccer Team, Jimmy Johnston went to Kenrick Seminary, and was ordained June 6, 1926.

His first assignment was that of assistant pastor at St. Teresa's parish in St. Louis. There he stayed, happy (for this was another Irish parish) for six and a half years. His next move was back to St. Malachy's. The last step, however, was the big one—the step to St. Patrick's in 1936. He had always admired Father Tim, and as he thinks back to the day of his debut as pastor

at St. Patrick's he says: "It was like trying to fill the shoes of Knute Rockne. I know what Elmer Layden and Frank Leahy were up against." And, like them, Father Johnston has proved himself a competent successor to a great man.

While his work is hard, his responsibilities endless, life for Father Jim is not without its compensations. The 75-year-old rectory alongside the 98-year-old church is proof in itself of some of these compensations. Take the master bathroom, for instance. It's almost the size of the average living room, is tile throughout, contains a built-in tub and concealed lights. As you might have guessed, it's a gift from "a friend of St. Patrick's." Radios and furniture, books and cigars—these, too, are sent to the priest who spends so much time helping others.

The donors, almost without exception, are anonymous, which is fitting, for names make no difference at St. Patrick's. When a weatherbeaten old loafer comes in for breakfast, no names are asked. There are no strings to the charity of Father Dempsey's Charities.

"It's just like Grand Hotel," Father Jim sums up. "People come, and people go, but nothing ever happens. These old duffers need someone to tuck in their bibs and wash behind their ears. Through the help of God we are able to chip in."

"But don't feel too sorry for them. They're percolating along and keeping vertical. They live a day at a time and don't worry. And I guess that's why they live so long. For it's worry, and not dirt, that kills."

Uncle Sam's Red Warriors

By H. C. McGINNIS

Heap of trouble for Hitler

Condensed from the *Lamp**

Uncle Sam's red-skinned nephews have gone to war with a bang, literally and figuratively. When the Sioux registered for selective service they brought along their rifles. At Grand Portage, nearly every able-bodied Chippewa volunteered for the warpath. The Grand Council of the Crows sent \$10,000 to purchase arms and ammunition. But the Indians don't care particularly for the selective draft. "Since when," complained a Blackfoot, "has it been necessary for us Blackfeet to draw lots to fight?" The Indians have furnished a larger proportion of their able-bodied males than any other race. It is said that in some tribes, between 60 and 70% of the able-bodied men between 18 and 38 are in the service. In Canada, the response has been on the same scale. One band of Cree Indians traversed 400 miles of wilderness to enlist.

The Indians make crack marksmen and excellent scouts, especially valuable in the jungle fighting in the South Pacific. Indians form integral parts of many American units. They have been particularly valuable as signaling units; military men know that the best of signal codes can be deciphered, in time, by enemy experts, but the Indians have the wily Japs running in circles. Not only do they use signals which are quite unorthodox in military practices, but they also converse in their tribal

tongues. At Corregidor, Apaches, always noted as fierce warriors, did their full stint. Deeds like that of Pvt. Joe Longknife, who killed ten Japs with 16 shots, thus saving his platoon from a possible ambush, have called forth from General MacArthur this praise for the American Indian: "As a warrior his fame is world wide. Many successful methods of modern warfare are based on what he evolved many centuries ago. His tactics, so brilliantly utilized by our first great commander, George Washington, again apply in basic principle to the vast jungle-covered reaches of the present war."

From other fronts come tales of Indian heroism and devotion. In Italy, an Indian soldier was detailed to escort four German captives to the rear. The Germans, crammed with Hitler's master-race propaganda, sneered contemptuously at their bronze-skinned guard and decided they couldn't submit to this supposed indignity. The Indian, perceiving the situation, laid aside his rifle and made some very impressive neck-wringing gestures. The master-racers took one speculative glance at the tremendous hands, and decided to suspend the master-race theory. Perhaps this decision was bolstered by German knowledge of the time in the last war when Joe Young Hawk was captured by five Germans. Before his

captors could get him to the rear, he had killed three of them with his bare hands and made his escape. Nor was Hawk's deed an exception. A Choctaw volunteer made his way through 200 yards of barbed wire entanglements in the face of enemy fire to clean out a machine-gun nest singlehanded. So stirring was the bravery of an Indian sergeant that the French chose him as the typical American soldier and placed his portrait in the French Government Building in Paris. Major-General Tinker, an Osage who was killed at Midway, although the Air Force commander there, lost his life because he selected himself as the leader of an exceptionally dangerous combat mission, refusing to ask his subordinates to undertake risks that he himself did not take.

Hitler told the world during the war's early days to expect an Indian uprising in the U. S. Perhaps he really believed this, having been misled by reports from the German-American Bund, which had labored industriously to arouse hatred between America's red and white men. Other subversive elements joined in this task, but the Indian, in spite of discrimination and many other injustices, remained loyal. To white Americans, an Indian rebellion, since the 1940 census showed Indians to number only 333,969, would seem like a drop of water in the ocean, and any nazi attempts to create one appears like blundering stupidity. However, this is not so. Oddly enough, millions of people outside the U. S. follow the fortunes of the American Indians far more closely than do most white

Americans. To those millions, American treatment of its Indian population is accepted as a sure indicator of the sincerity of American democracy and justice.

There are strong bonds of culture and sympathy among India's and China's hundreds of millions, the peoples of Iran and Egypt, the Indian population of Latin American countries, and the American Indian. Hitler realized about ten years ago, when distressing conditions among the Navajos became known, that millions in India conducted daily prayers for their brethren across the seas. The world's colored races look to America's treatment of its colored peoples as signs of the general attitudes it might take should it have the opportunity to lead in society's re-making. With Hitler's preaching to millions of subjugated peoples that their only hope for justice lay in a nazi new order and that the democracies were oppressors of minority groups, especially racial minorities, the world's colored millions watched America's racial minorities to see if they would support their nation in war. When they learned that of the 252 braves registered for selective service at the Fort Peck reservation up to the end of 1942, 131 were volunteers; that the Osages, Crows, Flatheads, Blackfeet, and other tribes had dedicated their sacred tribal ceremonies to the winning of an American victory; that some tribes dropped their long-standing claims against the government when the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor; that the Supai tribe in Arizona, after seeing pictures of Polish

millions being starved by nazis, started plowing up new land in the hope of sending food to the sufferers; that Indians stood in a blizzard at Fort Defiance, anxiously awaiting their turn to register for service, the peoples of Asia and Africa decided to take their chances with a democracy rather than with a totalitarian state which preached justice to all out of one corner of its mouth, while it proclaimed its own people a master race out of the other.

Perhaps Hitler's greatest disappointment arising from failure of his subversive work among the Indians came in connection with Latin America. As we now see, one of Hitler's chief aims was to split Pan-American solidarity. Should this solidarity be softened up properly by his fifth columns, an invasion, launched from Dakar and aimed at Brazil's bulge, and then proceeding both north and south by panzer and air drives, stood a reasonable chance of success. This was especially true in the war's early days, when the U. S. was ill-prepared. Knowing the heavy percentage of Indian population south of the Rio Grande, Hitler staked many of his chances upon an open defection among the Indian tribes of the U. S. Should this occur, he could then point out to Latin Americans that the U. S. stood as a potential oppressor instead of a strong protector.

However, Hitler and his American propagandists made several fatal mistakes, from a glaring ignorance of the American Indian. First, they neglected

to learn that the American Indian is, first and last, a democratic person. The tribal governments which greeted the white man when he arrived upon the North American continent were the very essence of democracy. In fact there are students of ethnology who advance very reasonable claims that the form of our federal government was patterned after the central government of the Iroquois Confederacy. The Indian, an almost fanatical lover of man's individual dignity, has no use for any form of totalitarianism. Secondly, they overlooked the fact that, although the Indian has suffered hundreds of injustices, which are not yet fully eliminated, the Indian now sees constructive and sincere efforts to straighten out the mess into which inadequate, antiquated laws have thrown him. This has been especially true since 1924, when the Indian was granted full citizenship. Thirdly, and perhaps most important, the pagan nazis totally disregard the fact that Indians, as a group, are deeply religious and moral. Today the Indians number few defections from religion. About half are Catholics, a quarter are non-Catholic Christians and the remainder follow tribal religions. An Indian rejects an ideology which denies the Great Spirit. Perhaps Indian feelings about totalitarianism are summed up best by that Indian group which condemned the Axis as an "unholy triangle whose purpose is to conquer and enslave the bodies, minds, and souls of all free peoples."

"Poor Boy, He Doesn't Drink"

Anatomy of sobriety

By ERNIE HARWELL

Condensed from the *Victorian**

I am, to my friends at least, one of those socially unfortunate persons—which is another way of saying, "The poor boy doesn't drink."

Invariably, my host, although he is thoroughly familiar with the kind of cereal I eat at breakfast and the newscast which lulls me to sleep at night, will approach me with the ubiquitous tray. I decline, because I just don't like whisky.

"What's the matter?"

"I don't drink, thanks."

Then my host and one or two of his glassy-handed cohorts begin a skit.

"Say, Joe," one of them will exclaim, "ole Ernie here doesn't drink."

"Well, well. Too bad. Too bad."

Then Joe slams me on the back tenderly, like a commando. He grabs me by the shoulder and blows, "Why old man, you haven't lived yet." With that, the unholy three melt into another group to synchronize the tingle of their ice-filled glasses. I sit back on the love seat and chat with Aunt Minnie. Aunt Minnie is a nice old lady who last saw me "when I was so high." Addressed to the others of our crowd, the same sentence would recall a night before the morning after.

Aunt Minnie and I discuss the more important things. She's been a Dodger fan since the days when spikes were long and tempers short. Laughing over

some of the more famous stories of Dem Bums, we enjoy ourselves immensely. Contrary to what drinkers think about nondrinkers, the "don't-touch-the-stuff" boys do have a good time once in a while.

What knocks me out about drinkers and nondrinkers is the barrier they build between each other. Most abstainers do have a holier-than-thou attitude. Likewise, the majority of drinkers, although they term themselves ultraliberal about such matters, look with anything but liberalism on the nondrinkers.

If I don't care for tomatoes or garlic or spinach, you don't condemn me. Yet, if I refrain from "taking a few," you immediately begin to let the stereotypes about nondrinking poison your mind toward me. Thoughts such as these flash through your beclouded brain: "He doesn't drink. Probably a stay-at-home. Can't get along. Must be unpopular, a prig. Guess he thinks he's better than I am. Well, he won't enjoy himself here if he doesn't drink; I'll remember not to ask him to the house. Those bluenoses never have any fun."

I'll grant you that a great many who refuse to drink frown on others who do. To them drinking is a sin. To me, it's merely pouring a chemical solution down my throat, a solution which isn't on friendly terms with my taste buds.

*Lackawanna, 18, N. Y. May, 1944.

The few times they have met, they didn't get along very well. Now they don't speak. In other words, I don't like the stuff.

Still, they'll tell me, "Why not go ahead and drink a little anyway, just to be sociable." Maybe I'm stubborn. But can't a guy be sociable without having to finger a highball? Oh, I could cultivate a taste for liquor. Sure. I could also learn to like anchovy and caviar (which are served at parties so whisky can kill their taste). I could learn to like poison ivy and oak bark. However, I don't want to. I'd rather be one of the socially unfortunate.

All attempts to abduct me from the ranks of the nonalcoholics have been futile, so far. In college, my best friends were top-notch hoisters. They tried to take me into the class, Vat 69. Later, sports reporters and radio announcers gave me the talking to. Somehow it has become a game, this effort to make poor old Ernie a drinking man.

A few weeks ago I visited New Orleans. My kick came from eating. However, a friend who went with me was trying to develop his elbow muscles. So, I followed him from bar to bar. We covered the French Quarter. To every bartender, my friend pointed me out as a curio, something unique in a unique city. He and the men behind the bars had many a belly laugh at my expense. That was all right with me.

My friend didn't like shrimp. So I evened the score. At the restaurant, I would tell the waiters, "This man here is a card. He doesn't eat shrimp. Can you imagine that?"

The waiter would laugh, and my friend would join in. He's a liberal. He doesn't object to nondrinkers.

Other people aren't like him. The bluenosed red noses have the idea that I should get drunk to have a good time. To me that is an insult to my intelligence, if any. I've seen too many bottled-in-bond alumni and bleary-eyed playboys to believe that they always have that wonderful time. Seeing the mad working of 86.8 proof is proof enough for me.

I don't mind drinking, so long as I do not have to do it. My drinking friends are swell, and fun to be around. They provide many things to chuckle over. For instance, there's the sports writer who on a Saturday afternoon had too much inspiration from the bottle and was unable to write a story on the football classic he was covering. The custom among the boys was to meet such a situation by having one of the more sober scribes file for his inebriated colleague. On this occasion, a certain paper received eight stories on one game, all signed by one writer.

Other stories I have seen translated from the Ancient Alcoholic by some lesser light in the sports department. Of course the man who actually covered the game received the praise for the story, though it was fashioned into readable stuff by the guy back home.

Some of the boys in the writing game, and in radio, too, claim they do their best with bottled inspiration. I don't believe it. I heard of one British announcer who didn't do his best. He was covering British fleet maneuvers;

and he had overimbibed. After he came on the air moments of blindness began to hit him. Finally, the effect of the alcohol blacked out his sight completely. Over the air, his commentary sounded something like this: "Now it is becoming difficult to see the fleet. Indeed, people of England, the fleet has sunk."

But this is no lecture. If a man wishes to drink that's up to him. If he doesn't, I think that's his problem, too. Please, you drinkers, don't think that because some men don't like the taste of what you happen to like that they are prigs. After all, if you don't change your attitude, you might drive us to drink.



These Gentle Communists

By MARY THOMES

Condensed from the *St. Benedict's Quarterly**

Ora et labora

This essay won the first prize in the 1943-4 *Atlantic Monthly* contest for college students. There were 243 essays entered.

I know that communism can work. I have seen it. I go to college on a communist farm as a member of a family of 1,200 women.

This is possible for me because 1,400 years ago a boy ran away from school and hid from his master in a cave. He was not an ordinary truant; he ran away because he felt he must learn holiness. That boy was Benedict, founder of the Benedictine Order. He stayed in his cave and grew up a scholarly, religious hermit. And because goodness is a natural magnet to man, there gathered about him other men. At Monte Cassino a community was formed for men to live so that they might save their souls. They lived very simply, working in the earth with their hands,

and praising God in their words and their lives. They were a family living together. Parents sent young boys to the monasteries to live, and they had to be educated. The Christian monks spread the warmth of their holiness over the Greek classics and opened wide the Bible and the writings of the early churchmen.

I am a senior at the College of St. Benedict at St. Joseph, Minn., conducted by a community of Benedictine nuns. Here, on a prairie farm, 1,200 women live the pattern of life set by the first monks who gathered livelihood from the valley surrounding Monte Cassino. They share their goods as a family does; it is communism that works. No one receives a salary; all receive all they need. Products of the farm and the community workshops supply many needs. Life here is almost

**St. Joseph, Minn.* Spring, 1944.

reminiscent of a self-subsistent medieval manor.

I came to St. Benedict's thinking it only an ordinary small college, but gradually I became aware of the productive activity here. The south wind came into a lecture room, warm and scented. I went to stare, almost unbelieving, at row upon row of pink and white puffs of apple blossoms. Bees turned whole trees brown and alive as they gathered honey for our next winter's breakfasts. I began to learn about the farm. Out at the poultry yard turkeys rushed to the fence and gobbled at me, 2,500 of them. In the fall these birds appear brown and resplendent on community dining tables, scientifically and lovingly tended from egg to platter. One day I stopped at the refrigeration plant. The butcher proudly opened a refrigerator door to show me rows of beef quarters, hog halves, curing hams and bacon. He cares for all the meat consumed by the community. While he explained his art, my glance fell on the spindle hook on the wall where the cook had left the day's instructions. Attached to the meat order from the kitchen, I saw a bright note wishing him a happy feast day. And I saw that here was tangible evidence of the communal spirit I was beginning to know.

Candles are made, rugs woven, books bound as well as written, a college conducted, and the community fed and clothed. And all these activities are carried on by real communists, each nun working according to her talents and receiving according to her needs. The strong work more; the

weak less. And the plan is successful. I have seen it in operation for four years and I know that in 1943 was celebrated the 1,400th anniversary of the founding of this manner of living. An agitator for Marxian communism would give a stack of pamphlets and perhaps an autographed copy of *Das Kapital* to be able to point to such a working model of his system.

There are many reasons why the Benedictine kind of communism works.

Personal initiative is possible and encouraged. Those who have creative ability may write; scholars may study; those who dream of a better campus may make it better: like Sister Juliana. At 64 she was retired from teaching to live outdoors for her health. On one of her long daily walks she decided the campus needed evergreens. She planted seedlings. Today those seedlings are a block-long row of pine and spruce flanking the gardens. They are fir trees, a rest for yellow warblers in the spring, and a cooling shade from the summer sun. They are cedar boughs with blue berries hung like jewels in a winter bouquet. From evergreens, Sister Juliana turned to an orchard, a vineyard, a nursery. There are acres of strawberries and raspberries, because she was free to follow her initiative. And in my hair I have worn red geraniums from her greenhouse. Sister Juliana is 84 now, and can look at the campus with satisfaction, knowing that she has done much to make it beautiful. But when she reads this she will wrinkle up her nose and say, "Glory be to God. I didn't do a thing."

Individual desires and ideas are given consideration. There is no ruthless heel to stamp out special characteristics. Each group establishes a convenient way of activity. The nuns who extract honey from the combs take a loaf of bread and a thermos bottle of breakfast coffee with them to work. At mid-afternoon they take their bread and coffee with a pail of honey to a bench in the sun to lunch and talk. The nun who spins flax has a shelf of holy pictures and ivy and a prayer printed in German in her room. The men who do the heavier farm work have their own orchestra and play for a college barn dance. These workmen become a very real part of the community. They live together in a dormitory known to college students as the "frat house," and in quiet ways influence the life of the community.

A real spirit of cooperation and reciprocal service is evident in all the workings of the community. A college teacher notices some morning that the hem of her habit is badly worn, but she does not take the day off from her classes to mend it. Instead, she takes it to a nun seamstress who mends it expertly. In the summer when the bean crop is ready for canning, conspicuous notices are posted on the campus, and all the nuns, college teachers, artists, and beekeepers gather in the convent court to snip beans for canning. When the laundress, familiar with soapsuds and steam presses, finds herself bewildered by the Latin of her breviary prayers, she goes to a study club conducted by the college Latin professor. Many

study clubs are conducted by college professors, and, as a result, the turkey-tender may know Dante and the medievalists quite as well as she knows her birds.

Work is parceled out and there is much cooperation, yet all work, whether it be a pan of biscuits or a poem, is regarded as essentially creative. Nuns who cook in the kitchens know that they create appetizing food from raw materials. The meat cook tends the roast from raw meat to platters carefully garnished with parsley. The baker sees giant cookies from recipe to anise frosting.

To most persons a nun seems chiefly a segregated woman wrapped away from the world in ten yards of serge. As we here see the Benedictines, they are interesting persons. They are friendly women who will come back from a walk with wet feet, and carrying wood violets or pussy willows. They will roast frankfurters with a group of students and teach those same girls metaphysics. They are vital, matured women. Our instructors hold graduate degrees from large universities, often secular. They carry on the normal activities of educated women. They read and play cards, chat together, and knit yards of khaki scarves for the Red Cross.

There is discipline in a Benedictine family. When people first learn that I attend a convent school they look quizzical and say, "But you are so independent. How do you bear the rules?" There are rules here, rules so elastic that many righteous parents would

condemn the freedom we enjoy. Here, in a house of 1,200 women and 200 college girls, discipline is not a conscious problem. We are expected to follow certain high standards of conduct and we voluntarily follow them. Among the students there are, of course, occasional misdemeanors, sheet swiping, sleeping through breakfast, and clandestine midnight spreads. But concerning any important issue of conduct, there is no discipline problem. Living in a community where intelligent self-management is expected and practiced somehow effects that control. There are no artificial exercises set up to train our wills. College authorities take a sensible attitude toward our relations with young men, because they know that friendship with them is normal and desirable. Informal Sunday-afternoon dances supervised by lay teachers, frequent club and discussion meetings with men from a near-by university as well as formal balls help us to meet young men in attractive surroundings. We are not given many lectures on conduct. We learn to live properly by living that way.

We are being educated primarily for what we are to be, not what we are to do. And we are to be Christian gentle-women. Here training is accomplished, as in every family, by contact with people, those who live now and the great who have lived in the past. We do not receive a classical education of Greek and mathematics, yet the courses we take are the solid courses missing in many modern colleges. There has been no ringing of bells nor re-vamping of

courses here, but we have long since been reading the world's best literature. A girl majoring in English is required to read many classics in translation: the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, Plato's *Dialogues*, Aristotle's *Ethics*, the *Aeneid*, and the great Greek plays. She knows Greek and Roman history, the Scriptures, and the writings of the early Church Fathers. Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Chaucer's *Tales*, the plays of Shakespeare and all of Milton's English poetry are required reading. A fundamental training in metaphysics and the history of philosophy furnishes a sound background for these courses. And in addition, many electives in specialized courses, as Victorian literature, romantic prose and poetry, or the novel, are offered.

Our teachers aim at one thing: to teach real values, and a real sense of the ultimate proportionate worth of things. We are taught one basis for judgment: Christian philosophy. And we are taught to make real judgments. Unlike most modern universities, we do not sin by historicism. To us Aristotle and Aquinas and Dante are not merely impersonal, if interesting, historical figures. We admit frankly that they can touch us personally, can teach us how to live. From them we try to learn to live as a scholar, a metaphysician, and a Christian should. Every class and all student life is turned to this end. In psychology a discussion of mental hygiene recognizes primarily that man is a creature of intellect and will. A class studying Milton's *Paradise Lost* may be fascinated by his devils,

but they take time to see if he really portrays truth. There is a constant seeking for the clear self-luminous knowledge that is truth. Biology classes studying sex stop to look at the sainthood of Christian marriage. No course specifically teaches this sense of values; no course does not teach it.

The essential reason why this way of living and of education works, lies deep in the hearts and lives of these women. It works because selfishness and individualism are supplanted by supernatural ideals. That in all things God may be glorified, the intention murmured before every class, before all work and play, stands as symbolic of the attitude which holds strictly to a hierarchy of values. All of life is turned toward its Creator. Early in the morning, at noon, in the late afternoon convent bells summon nuns to the chapel from college classrooms and barns, from offices and farm trucks to pray the Divine Office: St. Benedict called it the work of God.

The Office is the prayer of the Church built up by early Christians to praise God during all the hours of the day. Psalms are combined with medieval hymns to form a structure which, unlike Nimrod's tower, does reach to heaven and takes with it all of life. That the Psalms are the most powerful poetry is universally recognized. That they are also, and primarily, a concrete

picture of worship and an excellent means of learning to know and love God is acknowledged by these Benedictine nuns as they daily recite them. The entire Office is a nearly perfect expression of the hierarchy of values that is Christianity. It is chanted by the nuns in the Latin they have learned either in formal classes or by cooperative study. Groups of college students say the Office, or part of it, in English. Because we are learning a way of prayer from the nuns, we are really being taught by professionals how to praise God, as professional chemists or biologists train students for these fields in most colleges. And we learn that there are two purposes in this prayer: it fulfills the obligation and desire to praise God; and it deepens understanding and love of Him.

For four years I have lived as a communist, but I shall not be a harassed agitator for world revolution. The communism I know is more than the width of the world away from the Marxian system. What I have known is a real spirit of family cooperation, a simple useful life, and a sense of proportion. And I shall live as I have been trained if I have a home and a happy family, if I can feel the earth under my fingers grow warm with spring, know intimately the sun and the wind, work with my mind and my hands, and always give praise to God.



The only place where one can act, speak and think just as one pleases is in the insane asylum. Mabel C. Williams Kemmerer in *Your Personality* (Spring, '44).

Russian Diary

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Condensed from a book*

At 11 o'clock last night [1943] the Easter cry of *Kristos voskres* (Christ is arisen) was heard from the altars of the 26 churches in Moscow which have not been turned into museums or warehouses. Once there were 220 churches in the capital and old residents say that they were usually crowded for Easter Saturday night services. But never, they say, have there been such crowds as tried to enter the churches last night. Most of the correspondents had made arrangements to get into one church or another. Anticipating the crowded conditions, everyone started a good hour before the ceremonies were to start. But not one got within 50 yards of the entrance doors. Even at that distance the crowds were so tightly packed that devout worshipers were unable to bless themselves. Many women fainted in the packed masses of humanity, but so tightly packed were they that they were held up by those around them; there was no chance of falling.

The midnight curfew in Moscow is strict, and to be found on the streets after that hour is a grievous offense. We all knew that the services began at 11 at night and usually lasted from three to five hours. Would these devout Moscovites defy the curfew? It looked very much as though even these completely regimented people would do just that.

One left to tend the flame
around the altar
in the dark
and the crowd
was silent.

Special Easter cakes were baked everywhere and the food shops, without explanation, offered raisins as an integral part of the special seasonal cake. Yesterday afternoon, according to ancient custom, the cakes and the eggs were brought to church to be blessed.

Then at six o'clock the commandant of Moscow announced on the radio that the curfew would be suspended. It was the first intimation that the government was even unofficially cognizant of the holy season.

It was a soft spring night, the first we had, and the moon was high. As the thousands walked through the streets to their churches early in the evening the loudspeakers placed on every square were proclaiming the good news of Anglo-American advances in Tunisia. That was another raisin in the Easter cake. It was the most joyous night the Russians have had in many months. For the moment the front is static. The winter has gone and its scars are beginning to heal in the warm sun of the past week. Food rations have been slightly increased. There has been a definite feeling among the Russians recently that the British and Americans are actually contributing something really vital to the war effort. They did not have that feeling until recently.

It was strange walking home at two

*The Curtain Rises. 1944. Random House, Inc., New York City. 353 pp. \$2.75.

A.M. after the services. The streets were still crowded, although thousands remained in the churches waiting for the seven-o'clock services in the morning. Nobody can ever call this place godless Russia. The government by merely ignoring religion (although not expressly forbidding worship) has most certainly hoped to see it eventually die out. No Red Army man was actually forbidden to attend services, but it was generally known that an officer lost "caste" if he appeared in church. Correspondents who have been here a long time were amazed to see among the crowds last night a liberal sprinkling of Red Army men and officers, the first time, they say, that this has occurred. God has been a strict absentee in the educational program of the youth here in Moscow but, despite that, parents have never stopped implanting the faith of the Russian Orthodox Church into the hearts and minds of the young. There are now no seminaries in Russia where young priests can be trained, but the priests themselves train young men in their own churches. By now the government probably realizes that attempting to kill faith is like trying to punch a hole in a pillow.

This morning was almost like an Easter Sunday at home. People put on their best clothes and again attended church services. The morning papers did not mention the amazing crowds of last night. I went to Father Braun's Catholic church to ten-o'clock Mass. Like all other services his, too, were crowded. Incidentally his is the only Roman Catholic church in Russia and

he is the only Roman Catholic priest in the country. Today as every Sunday he offered two Masses and both were crowded. I have heard Russians say that his congregation consists mostly of Poles. It isn't true. He says that about seven-eighths of his regular church-goers are Russian. They most certainly were this morning. Unlike the Russian churches, this one has pews. In every way it is like a church one would find in America. The devoutness of the congregation was too obvious to be ignored. More than 500 received Communion. The aisles and the back of the church were crowded with people standing in this lone Russian frontier of Catholicism.

Ambassador Standley and virtually his whole staff attended. They sat in the first few pews. Of course four NKVD men accompany the ambassador wherever he goes. Their car follows his. The Foreign Office insists that this constant surveillance which all ambassadors and heads of missions are subjected to is for their protection. It is, in any case, an established custom here and the Admiral is so used to it that it doesn't bother him. His four guardians sat just behind the ambassador and his group. They seemed very unhappy and uncomfortable in the strange surroundings. They watched surreptitiously and tried hard to follow others when they stood or knelt.

The popular ambassador and his uniformed staff made a fine showing, and it would be hard not to feel proud of them. His naval aide, Commander John Young, immaculate in what I

think the best-looking uniform in the world, walked out at the side of the ambassador. Young, I was surprised to see, wore golden aiguillettes on his left shoulder.

You seldom see beggars in Moscow except outside churches. I followed the ambassador and his staff out. Six very old women, all looking alike, stood lined up on the steps holding out supplicating hands. Admiral Standley stopped and gave each a few rubles.

I asked John Young the significance of the aiguillettes. He explained that this was an official visit Admiral Standley was making to Father Braun's church; therefore he went as the President's representative, and Young, by naval custom on such official visits, wore his gold braid. It was a fine gesture toward the priest and toward all religion when Standley, a non-Catholic, attended services, officially.

Father Leopold Braun was born in New Bedford, Mass., in 1903. At Sacred Heart school, at Holy Family high school in New Bedford, and at Assumption college in Worcester his main interest was music. He was ordained and then sent to Louvain to study music at the Augustinian monastery. Incidentally he picked up a few languages. At this time Bishop Eugene Neven, a French cleric, was the Administrative Apostolic to Russia. The Bishop needed an assistant, for his domain was huge. The Bishop applied to the head of his Order and Father Braun was selected. He came to Russia with Ambassador Bullitt just after the Litvinov-Roosevelt pact guarantee-

ing religious freedom in Russia to American nationals was signed in 1933.

Not long after his arrival in Moscow the Bishop returned to France for a holiday. He was never given a visa to return, so the young priest from New Bedford found himself in the position of Administrative Apostolic to Russia. It was a great challenge for any young priest, and today Father Braun is high in his praise for Ambassador Bullitt, but for whom his position would have been impossible. Father Braun was tolerated but not helped by the Soviet government, and time after time Bill Bullitt interceded and helped the priest with advice, money, and encouragement. Father Braun inherited the old French church, St. Louis de Français, on Malaya Lubianka not far from the center of Moscow. It was designed by the same architect who designed the magnificent Bolshoi theater. It was rotting away from neglect, and the first job of the absolutely penniless priest was to rehabilitate the old building. He found that he had 25,000 parishioners in Moscow. Thousands, through fear, refrained from attending services, but gradually he built up a substantial though poverty-stricken congregation.

A less vigorous man might have given up the fight in discouragement as obstacle after obstacle was put in his way. His church was robbed five times, the vandals even committing the sacrilege of stealing sacred vessels from the altar. He complained each time, but the only satisfaction he received was a bill from the authorities. According to Soviet law all Church property (since

1917) belongs to the state and Father Braun was held personally responsible for the loss. He settled it by asserting truthfully his quite obvious poverty, and by waving the Litvinov-Roosevelt pact at the authorities.

Then he pulled the master stroke of quoting from Stalin's own constitution, which insists that the state and the Church are quite separate. Obviously, if the Church and state are separate, the state has no claim to Church property and no legal basis for demanding that the Church be held responsible for property that has been stolen. Father Braun won his case. Although technically he is the American chaplain in Moscow and, as such, a representative of our government, he is not accorded the privileges of a diplomat. He had no fuel to heat his church last winter. He has a car but no gasoline cards are issued to him as is the case with diplomats and correspondents.

Father Braun lives in what was once the French Embassy, a startling-looking ornate structure on Bolshaya Yaki-manka. At present it is the Turkish legation. According to Russian standards, his four-room apartment is quite comfortable; his magnificent library, in part a heritage from his predecessor, is distinguished, but his food rations are the same as those of any Russian citizen. You take your life in your hands when you visit Father Braun. He owns the largest and loudest-barking dog in Moscow, a huge shepherd who answers to the incongruous name of Pax. Pax greeted me on my first visit with a very antagonistic demonstration which left

me limp. But Pax worships his master and once she sees Father Braun acting friendly her antagonism vanishes. The other day I was at Father Braun's and stayed late in the afternoon.

"If there is food enough I'd like you to stay for dinner," he said.

We went into the kitchen and found his cook fixing his meal. The dinner consisted of a small saucepan of bean soup. That and some black bread was all. I thought that we might do better at the Metropole. We set out. First there was a five-minute walk to the streetcar. Buses and streetcars are invariably packed in Moscow, and it is seldom that you can get on the first one that comes along. After a long wait we managed to squeeze into a crowded car. A ten-minute ride brought us to the subway. The subway was crowded, but eventually brought us to the Square of the Revolution station near the Metropole.

"Don't mind this trip," Father Braun laughed. "I do it at six o'clock every morning in order to get to church to say seven-o'clock Mass."

Visions of the little priest waiting for streetcars, shivering in wintry blasts in the freezing Moscow mornings, came to me, and I shuddered. At the Metropole we have our principal meal at noon and that, most of the time, is good enough. The evening meal is usually but not always a cold meal. We were unlucky. It was a cold-meal night, but we did have caviar, salami, cheese and excellent Russian bread and, with a bottle of Caucasian wine, fared much better than we would have on his soup.

Chicago's South Side

By ANN HARRIGAN

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

When Bishop Sheil and the Baroness de Hueck broached a "friendship house" in Chicago to Ellen Tarry and me, we were excited and scared for we knew how the Harlem Friendship House started. "An empty room, sleeping on newspapers, \$3.00 and a typewriter...."

But September 15, 1942, found me waiting for the train for Chicago. Getting a room would, I suspected, be difficult. It is always difficult to get a room in a colored neighborhood. But I hadn't counted on the war. Chicago was booming. The South Side had swelled by at least 50,000. The only room available was in a colored funeral home. I took it. It was in an old mansion and very comfortable, with two large windows, Venetian blinds, etc. I certainly felt bourgeois; but I had a hunch Ellen wouldn't like it at all, and would almost rather live on a fire escape. But when she saw the situation herself, she was very glad we had it. Yet no matter how tired, we ran up the first set of stairs past the mortuary.

E. 43rd St., at 305 and 309, was the right location. Stores, milling crowds, trolley cars, trucks, El's all close by. Cheap theaters, taverns, hundreds of kids running the streets, broken-down houses, with here and there a street kept up by careful home owners.

Early October found us making our

way to take long and dubious looks at the barn-like interior: no lights, no fixtures, no radiators, no sink, no stove, a bad floor, a leaky ceiling, no dishes, and worst of all—though we didn't appreciate it—no food.

We had set Nov. 5, the unofficial feast of Martin de Porres, as our goal. So, for the next four weeks, we struggled to clear the floor of its million rusty tacks so that we could put down the imitation linoleum that government priorities and our small purse allowed us. We got the linoleum—by begging; and we got it put down—by begging. And though they predicted that it would last only six months, it is still here, and looking nice after it is waxed. We shall never forget Chicago generosity: the help, donated money and furniture and dishes and kitchen utensils! Fathers of the Divine Word made the bookshelves which line our cheerful little store—at a time when lumber was rationed. Many other priests and nuns helped too.

We stood in awed respect of the dark, shining floor. What a change! A few days back, covered with open gaps, rusty nails and old linoleum, now its waxlike sheen showed how hard Ellen and Mildred (that's Mrs. Wiley, the third member of our staff) and all the volunteers had worked. All did a magnificent job putting up pictures, writ-

*386 4th Ave., New York City, 16. May 19, 1944.

ing invitations, carting books, cleaning new cups and saucers (which came exactly at the right moment to serve our guests, who poured in before we finished). We wanted to look just right when the Bishop arrived.

In the nick of time our burgundy curtains were put up, the statue of Blessed Martin arrived, and when a hush fell over the milling crowd in Friendship House, we knew Bishop Sheil was here.

Thereafter we settled down to hard reality. We began our Monday-night lectures—one of the traditional techniques of our interracial education at Friendship House. The speech, usually on some interracial subject, is but a springboard to lively discussion and fraternization. For we know of no other place where, day in and out, all types and classes of white and colored people can meet each other *equally* to discuss mutual problems frankly and pleasantly.

Meanwhile, our library began to grow. The task of setting up the whole library, which we hoped would grow to 3,000 or 4,000 volumes, began. The moot question: who was to be librarian, was answered by necessity. We all helped.

Then we began to hear the critics. Some colored persons said: "Why did you pick 43rd Street? It's slummy. Why not 55th or 61st Street?" Even when we pointed out that the children of 61st Street had much better care than the children of 43rd Street, and that housing problems here were far greater than in the better districts, they

were not convinced—but we were. These kids came from homes where very often the mother has to supplement the father's meager income, who, because he is a Negro, is frequently the victim of great injustice. We knew, too, that the kids go only four hours a day to school, and when we learned that they have no homework, and can't take home their books, the greater need of a play center for children was brought home with a bang.

We turned resolutely to the children's center. A flock of new volunteers helped organize the playroom. Bishop Sheil had given us a juke box, and from other good friends came a piano, a ping-pong table, cabinets for games, toys and supplies, and even paint. It was screamingly funny to see five volunteers, some of whom had never used a paint brush in their lives, being told, "Here's a brush and some paint, and here's a picture. There's a wall. Paint it on." O holy simplicity! And yet very nice pictures got done. All the furniture was splashed lavishly in gay colors. And about Dec. 1 the kids began to stream in.

One of the biggest problems in achieving interracial justice is insufficient opportunity for various racial groups to meet on an equal basis. Friendship House provides opportunities for these meetings under natural circumstances—working together in the children's center, studying together in our training courses, arguing, eating, playing, praying together, as befits children of the same Father, God.

Staff members came from all over

the U.S., from Louisiana, Texas, New York, Alabama—and even from Scotland. Both colored and white applied, filled with a desire to live more perfectly the social doctrine of Jesus Christ.

"You mean to say, staff workers give up their jobs and work for no salary? That they actually do give up good paying jobs?" By God's grace, yes. God is so generous with so many things. Can't we be generous in this?

Lay people these are, with a vocation to work among lay people, to be the hands and feet of the priest, to go into places where he often cannot go, to meet the masses "lost to the Church," who don't go to church any more, to search for the missing sheep, bring them back. And always to be seeking them—to see in all the face of Christ.

To perform the spiritual and corporal works of mercy. To suffer in this upside-down world, where the unimportant things take up so much of our time, leaving so little for the important things. This is Friendship House.

Friendship House is a movement which is trying to put order into social life by taking first things first. God, eternity, the soul, our neighbor—these are the first things and should take up a large part of our time. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice and all these things will be added unto you." *All what things?* Secondary things: food, clothing, shelter, necessities. This is the age-old technique of the Church: voluntary poverty, chastity, obedience: the counsels of perfection.

Within a year we had grown from

three staff workers to eight. But about this time, too, as fate would have it—and with our agreement—we really went off the gold standard. Direct assistance from the Bishop was replaced by the regular Friendship House principle—begging from all, rich and poor, priests and laymen, young and old. Though the Bishop still wished to help, we knew that our strength lay in following our idea of poverty and smallness.

With a flat pocketbook and eight (hungry) staff workers, I would frequently ejaculate, "Thank God, You are running this. For how could we ever do it ourselves."

One year and a half after its foundation in Chicago, Friendship House has its spiritual director, seven staff workers, twenty volunteers, a mothers' club, a library, a children's center, classes in Negro history, cooperatives, Spanish, reading and writing for beginners, indoctrination in the lay apostolate, a weekly lecture forum at which every angle of the interracial question is discussed and explored. In addition, our Harlem Press prints many pamphlets, including *Friendship House News*, a monthly newspaper. And our lectures on the Negro and interracial justice are heard all over the country.

But our main purpose still remains the same: to dig in, to live here, to get to know the people—and the people to know us. To tell men of all races: We are all brothers, because Christ, our Brother, died for us, and His blood makes us all closer than natural blood brothers.

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Burton, Katherine. MOTHER BUTLER OF MARYMOUNT. New York: Longmans. 290 pp. \$3. The American head of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, who spent a lifetime founding and directing schools for young women.

Eddy, Samuel, and Surber, Thaddeus. NORTHERN FISHES; with Special Reference to the Upper Mississippi Valley. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 252 pp., ill. \$4. A Bible for the fresh-water fisherman. Structure, range, habits and food value of 150 fishes; how to propagate and how to catch them.

Franklin, Albert B. ECUADOR; Portrait of a People. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran. 326 pp., ill. \$3.50. The ups and downs of Ecuador—geographical, economic and social, seen from saddle, bus, train, and river boat.

Frederick, John T., editor. OUT OF THE MIDWEST. New York: Whittlesey. 405 pp. \$3.50. Stories, biographical sketches, and poems; anthology of writings by Midwestern authors and illustrative of the region.

Mandonnet, Pierre, O. P. ST. DOMINIC AND HIS WORK. St. Louis: Herder. 487 pp. \$5. Panoramic view of the religious condition of the early 13th century which occasioned St. Dominic's work in forming the Order of Preachers.

Maritain, Jacques. CHRISTIANITY AND DEMOCRACY. New York: Scribner. 98 pp. \$1.25. The necessary support that will have to come from a Christian sense of moral responsibility if political democracy is to be the hope of a new world.

Raisz, Erwin. ATLAS OF GLOBAL GEOGRAPHY. New York: Harper. 63 pp., colored maps, diagrams. \$3.50. Beautifully printed global maps, showing the earth in a new perspective; revealing supplement to the conventional atlas or geography.

Riggs, T. Lawrason. SAVING ANGEL; the Truth about Joan of Arc and the Church. Milwaukee: Bruce. 98 pp. \$1.75. Does away with old calumnies that the Maid of Orleans was less Catholic than the France she served.

Spellman, Archbishop Francis J. THE RISEN SOLDIER. New York: Macmillan. 39 pp. \$1. The soldier, like his Exemplar, Christ, gives his life that good may come of it. We owe it to both not to squander the peace they have purchased for us.

TRANSITION FROM WAR TO PEACE; a Report of the Post-War World Committee. Washington, D. C.: Catholic Assn. for International Peace. 47 pp., paper. 10c. Problems of the interval between the end of fighting and an era of ordered stability: policing, social services, migration; economic, political and cultural reconstruction.

Wright, John J. NATIONAL PATRIOTISM IN PAPAL TEACHING. The Newman Book Shop: 358 pp. \$3.50. A scholarly, over-all approach to the problem of loyalties which reveals a good Catholic as a good citizen.

Announcement

The editors of the CATHOLIC DIGEST are proud to announce that the first issue of the DIGEST in Spanish will appear in August.

Last October the business manager of the CATHOLIC DIGEST, Father Edward F. Jennings, went to South America to establish editions of the CATHOLIC DIGEST there. His task proved more difficult and expensive than had been anticipated, but now we are gratified to be able to make this announcement. Subscriptions for United States readers will be accepted at the home office (\$3.00 for one year, \$5.00 for two years), and copies will be mailed from Buenos Aires, where all translating and printing will be done. We hope the Catholics of the United States will welcome and help this gesture of good will towards our South American friends.